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THE

DAVID BELASCO

ARRANGEMENT

OF

SHAKESPEARE'S

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

THE UNIVERSITY THEATRE
at the UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
LINCOLN HALL THEATRE • URBANA, ILLINOIS

Title: The Merchant of Venice Copy - BELASCO #1

Author: Shakespeare

THE ILLINI THEATRE GUILD
at the UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
LINCOLN HALL THEATRE
URBANA - ILLINOIS

THE UNIVERSITY THEATRE
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
Room 4-1[illegible] Union Center
URBANA, ILL. 61801

COPY - BELASCO #1

February, 1949

To The Illini Theatre Guild —

To help perpetuate the true

Shakespearean tradition —

With sincere best wishes,

Jan Levy

U of I Library Champaign-Urbana

David Belasco

THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE

A COMEDY

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AS ARRANGED FOR THE CONTEMPORARY STAGE

BY

DAVID BELASCO

AND

Acted Under His Direction
At the Lyceum Theatre, New York

WITH

DAVID WARFIELD

In the Character of Shylock
December 21, 1922

THE ILLINI THEATRE GUILD
at the UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
LINCOLN HALL THEATRE
URBANA, ILLINOIS

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STOR

DEDICATED

TO

LOVERS OF THE THEATRE EVERYWHERE

PREFACE.

All my life I have desired and purposed to produce The Plays of Shakespeare. They were the chief part of my earliest study, and my love for them increased with my years. In youth it was my frequent privilege to see many of the best actors our Stage has known in their finest Shakespearean embodiments, and, sometimes, personating minor characters, to act in association with them. The first words that I ever spoke in the theatre were words of Shakespeare,—those of the little *Richard, Duke of York,* in "King Richard III.," a part which, in childhood, I played at the old Theatre Royal, in Victoria, B. C., with the famous Charles Kean and Ellen Tree, his wife.

Year by year my familiarity with the best Shakespearean acting increased. Walter Montgomery (idol of my boyhood!) as *Marc Antony, Benedick* and *Hotspur;* John McCullough as *Brutus, Falconbridge* and *Lear;* Lawrence Barrett as *Hamlet, Iago* and *Cassius;* Barry Sullivan as *Richard the Third, Othello* and *Macbeth;* Adelaide Neilson as *Juliet, Viola* and *Imogen;* Edwin Booth as *Othello, Iago, Hamlet, Richard, Macbeth* and *Brutus,*—those, and many others like to those, were objects of my constant and admiring study. Among the plays of Shakespeare in which I appeared during my theatrical novitiate, and which then were acted under my stage management—some of them many times—were "Hamlet," "King Richard III., "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," "King John," "King Lear," "Coriolanus," "Cym-

beline," "Measure for Measure," "The Comedy of Errors," "Much Ado About Nothing," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night" and "The Merchant of Venice." Among the great players of *Shylock* for whom it has been my fortune to direct the stage and to rehearse the immortal drama of which he is the central and pervasive figure are McCullough, Barrett, Sullivan, Booth, and—by no means least—William E. Sheridan. In various early barnstorming ventures of my own I indulged my dominant desire and presented "The Merchant" and some other of the Bard's great plays—with, be it said, a simplicity of scenic investiture which would cause productions made "in the Elizabethan manner" to appear as lavishly over-loaded with ornament! But such juvenile endeavors do not count; and circumstances have not, until now, permitted me really to begin fulfillment of my ambitious purpose,—which I do with this oft-postponed but at last accomplished revival of "The Merchant of Venice," in which it is my privilege to present the leader of the American Stage, my dear friend Mr. David Warfield, in one of the most exacting of test parts. In Shakespeare's own words: "Joy be the consequence!"

It is my earnest purpose to follow this revival with presentments of many other great plays of Shakespeare —among them "King Lear," with Mr. Warfield as the heart-broken and heart-breaking monarch of misery; "Romeo and Juliet," "King Henry V.," "Julius Cæsar," "Twelfth Night," and a trilogy comprising "King Richard II." and the First and Second Parts of "King Henry IV." The last named three plays were in great part arranged for my presentation by my friend the late William Winter, to whom I was, at the time of his lamented death, under promise to produce them. They shall be brought forth as soon as it is possible for me

to do so. All these ventures must, in the very nature of things, be beset by great difficulties and must entail a staggering burden of expense. They can be carried to success only with the approval, the hearty and practical encouragement, coöperation and support of the vast theatre-going public (which, in the past, has been so generously bestowed upon my enterprises) and of all those thoughtful and conscientious writers for the newspaper press who have at heart both the welfare of the community and the interests of the Stage and who by their critical commentaries so profoundly influence the popular taste. I do not subscribe to the despairing dictum of old Frederick Chatterton, sometime manager of Drury Lane Theatre, London, that "Byron spells bankruptcy and Shakespeare spells ruin,"—and the intellectual approval and practical support essential to adequate revivals of Shakespeare I not only earnestly bespeak but confidently expect to receive.

"The Merchant of Venice" is one of the plays by William Shakespeare mentioned by Francis Meres in his "Pallis Tamia." That work was published in 1598—and, therefore, the comedy must have been written at least a little earlier. It was entered at Stationers' Hall, London, in that year (1598), by James Roberts. It was published by Roberts, London, 1600 (the First Quarto), and it was issued again, in 1600, by Thomas Hayes (the Second Quarto). After that it was not reprinted until it appeared in the First Folio—1623.

The period of the action of "The Merchant of Venice" is generally accepted as being that in which it was written.[1] There is no known positive record of its first production. In the "Diary" of Philip Henslowe (partner

[1] "The Venice of Shakespeare's own time, and the manners of that city, are delineated with matchless accuracy in this drama."—Charles Knight.

in theatrical management with the famous Edward Alleyn, who founded Dulwich College, where the "Diary" is preserved) an allusion occurs to presentment of "the Venesyan Comedy" as having occurred in London on August 25, 1594. That allusion has been accepted by scholars as referring to the first production of "The Merchant of Venice." It seems a reasonable conjecture.[1] The dates assigned for composition of this comedy, by various commentators of authority, range from 1594 (Malone, Grant White, and others) to 1598 (Stevens, Hudson, and others). Charles Knight (without stipulating for any particular year) pleads, in general terms, for "a much earlier date than any hitherto assigned": *i. e.,* for a date much earlier than 1594. To me it has long seemed that "The Merchant of Venice" was well described by the late Richard Mansfield as "a fairy tale,"—that is, as wholly a figment of fancy, fittingly localized in any Venetian period remote enough to be romantic and colorful enough to be picturesque. Therefore, without attempting contribution to the fog of scholarly dispute as to when it was written, I have placed the period of its action at about the first quarter of the sixteenth century. That was what may be called The Golden Age of Venice—the time when she had touched the highest point of all her greatness; when, resplendent in the full meridian of her glory, she seemed, indeed, a jeweled queen of the summer seas. Selection of that time, accordingly, permits me to provide for this lovely comedy not only romantic environment but, also, pleasingly novel as well as beautiful costuming. And I have been further swayed in so placing the period of its action by the fact that Jews, especially those of wealth and therefore of influence, were then permitted to live in

[1] Dowden is inclined to think otherwise. He says: "This may have been Shakespeare's play, but more probably it was not."

Venice (as it is indisputable that *Shylock* lived), outside of the ghetto.[1]

The island city of Venice, of course, and Belmont, an imagined country estate, or "seat," somewhere upon the neighboring mainland shore, are the places of its action.

The text of THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE as revised and issued by that superb scholar and model editor, the Rev. Alexander Dyce, has been adopted as the basis for this arrangement.[2] In a few instances. however (but

[1] Origin of the term "ghetto" is obscure. The Jews' quarters of Venice and Salerno are, in some documents of the eleventh century, called "Judaca" and "Judcaria." It has been maintained that these became "Judaicam" (as, for example, in the designation of a place in Capua, "San Nicolo *ad Judaicam*"); then "Guideica" and thence by corruption into "ghetto." According to another theory, it is derived from "gietto," the common foundry in Venice, near to which was the first Jews' quarter of that city. Still another theory derives the term from "borghetto," a diminutive of the Italian "borgo," a borough;—*i. e.*, a little borough. The word is used carelessly to-day to signify in a general manner any locality in a great city where Jews most do congregate. In earlier times it signified the exact locality in certain cities, enclosed by gated walls, to occupancy of which Jews were restricted by law. The walls and gates of the ghetto in Rome were not demolished until 1885.

During the Middle-Ages (*circa*, 500-1500) the Jews were forbidden to leave their ghettos after sunset, when the gates thereof were locked; and they were also imprisoned therein upon Sundays and all other Christian holy days. The ghetto at Venice was established upon a separate island. "An island was appropriated to them [the Jews]," says the Shakespearean scholar Edmund Malone; "but they long ago overflowed into other parts of the city." It would hardly be reasonable to suppose that reveling Christian masquers would or could penetrate at night into the dark and squalid region of the Venetian ghetto. Therefore we must suppose that *Shylock* was one of those Jews who, as Malone says, overflowed into other parts of the city and that his "sober house" must have been situate in some district more agreeable and readily accessible.

[2] Second Edition.

always for cogent reasons), punctuations or readings of other editors have been followed. In every such instance the editor preferred is also one of recognized authority. The spelling has been a little modified—being that sanctioned by the best contemporary usage in America: "color" instead of the English form of "colour"; "honor" instead of "honour," and the like.

As printed in the quartos and the First Folio "The Merchant of Venice" is divided into five acts; but the acts are not divided into scenes. Nicholas Rowe, in 1709, was the first editor to remedy that defect, arranging the comedy in fourteen scenes. Subsequent editors have increased the number of scenes to twenty, in which form this play is printed in many of the standard Library Editions. For reasons of expediency this arrangement presents it in five acts and eleven scenes, several of which are played practically without pause,—a method which long experience has taught me is specially pleasing to the contemporary audience, an audience that craves fluently continuous movement; that will not assemble in the theatre earlier than eight-fifteen, and that, as a whole, will not remain there later, at the latest, than a few minutes after eleven.[1]

No enumeration of Characters is prefixed to either of the quarto, or to the First Folio, texts of "The Merchant." In those texts we find the names of *Salarino, Slarino, Salanio, Solanio, Salino, Salerio.* These six sensibly have been reduced (by Dyce, Knight, and others) to *Salarino* and *Solanio.* A hair-splitting argument can, perhaps, be made to sustain a separate identity for *Salerio;* but for practical stage purposes there is no room for reasonable dispute: these characters should stand as *Salarino* and *Solanio.*

[1] This is a fact I earnestly deprecate. But it *is* a fact,—and with facts there is no disputing.—D. B.

A whole literature of emendation, conjecture and commentary has grown up around the text and the characters of this play—as it has around those of all its fellows. It is not desirable to cumber a practical Acting Edition with discussions and citations almost interminable. But I would here specify that the whole of that literature (containing much of folly and conceit as well as much of wisdom and learning) has been heedfully examined in preparing the play for its present revival, and that ample authority exists for each and every decision as to moot points embodied in this arrangement.

In making it the following truths, as stated by one of the greatest and most reverend of Shakespeare scholars, and one of the wisest and most practical of modern stage adapters, have been heedfully regarded:

> "The purists of the present, who utter the voice of indignant protest against even the slightest alteration of the 'original' Shakespeare structures, seem to suppose that earlier times displayed a greater reverence in this matter; but that is a mistake. The truth is that no one of Shakespeare's plays can be presented and spoken exactly as it is fashioned and written; and that, in the regular theatre, no one of them ever has been performed, since Shakespeare's time, without some curtailment. In the universities, and on scholastic occasions, the literal original [or what passes for such] has, now and then, been given. . . .[1] In Shakespeare's period,

[1] "Hamlet" has been so acted, at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, for example; and several other of the plays have, on occasion, been presented in prolix if not absolutely complete detail, at various places,—notably, at the Victoria Theatre, London. Such revivals *in extenso* bring to mind one of the sensible remarks of Shakespeare's personal friend, "rare Ben Jonson" (who loved the man and honored his memory, on

when theatrical performances occurred in the day, and when but little use was made of scenery, the whole of such a piece as 'King Richard III.' might have been given; but no audience would endure it now.

"Every actor [and, let me interject, every producing manager,—D. B.] who, achieving distinction, has attained power, uses his own versions of Shakespeare; and if all those versions had been preserved, we should possess, in writing, the stage traditions which now, for the greater part, are preserved only in the memory of a rapidly vanishing race of players. . . ."

It is the duty of a producing manager to provide, for every play he elects to set upon the stage, both a company of players capable of its proper interpretation and a scenic investiture adequate to its requirements and contributory, in the fullest possible degree, to its enactment and apprehension.[1] In a matter so largely one of taste there never can be universal accord; and to the end of time there will be divergent ideas of adequacy in the setting of Shakespeare. Ever since Charles Kean, for example, began his series of sumptuous revivals

this side idolatry, as much as any): "I remember that the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare that in his writings, whatever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been: 'Would he had blotted a thousand!'" His works would, indeed, have been improved had he done so.

[1] The public ought, I think, to reflect that it is only the desire and purpose of a theatrical manager to give to it what it is entitled to expect and to receive which prompts such a one to assume the burdensome expense of making an adequate production—an expense which, to-day, is often all but prohibitive.

of Shakespeare, at the old Princess' Theatre, London, with "King John," [1]—February 9, 1852,—there has been a wail of clamorous complaint about "over-loading Shakespeare with scenery" and an outcry as to the need of reverting, in Shakespearean revivals, to "the original text."

It is, of course, to be conceded that neither the plays of Shakespeare nor those of any other dramatist should be "over-loaded" with scenery. Also, it is conceded that where a clear, consistent, dramatic "original text" exists it should, as far as possible, be adhered to.

In this matter the first disagreement must necessarily come over the question of what constitutes scenic over-loading. Shall we have the stage practically bare? Or, Shall we have it set to represent as closely as possible the scenes specified? A very small minority of the theatre-going public, which enjoys mere rhetoric and declamation, approves presentation of plays upon stages almost barren and most insufficiently illumined. The immense majority of that public, upon the other hand, prefers and demands (and is therein reasonable and right) representations designed to create illusions: representations wherein actors, impersonating and interpreting character, are required to "suit the word to the action, the action to the word," and wherein, also, stage directors strive to suit the scenic investiture to the indications of time and place and to the dramatic and histrionic needs of plays presented. Yet, by the minority, such stage directors are those most often (and most

[1] Kean had previously brought out "Twelfth Night" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," but "King John,"—which he first produced at the old Park Theatre, New York, six years earlier, November 16, 1846,—was really the first of his great, his sumptuous, revivals, for the making of which he was censured.

unjustly) censured for "over-loading"[1] Shakespeare with scenery.

Charles Kean, in the Shakespeare revivals to which I have alluded, depended far more upon Acting than he did upon scenery and accessories; a reading of the lists of his theatrical companies will show that. And it is certain not only that he was associated with one of the most accomplished of actresses, Ellen Tree, but, also, that he was himself truly a great actor. The complaint against his rich settings owes much of its endurance (if, indeed, it does not owe its origin) to jealousy on the part of a still greater actor, William Charles Macready, whose rival Kean was in some sort. Macready, after retiring from the Stage, was bitterly resentful of the success, public applause and social favor which were lavished upon the younger player.[2] Commenting upon Kean's revival of "The Winter's Tale," and upon the careful attention therein bestowed upon investiture, he said:

> "Evidently the accessories swallow up the poetry and action. . . . I take it so much to heart, because

[1] Shakespeare himself was, beyond doubt, keenly appreciative of the absolute and deplorable inadequacy of the oft-vaunted Elizabethan Stage to proper presentation of some of his great plays. Consider, in this connection, his lament in "King Henry V.," about the unsatisfactory, and indeed contemptible, manner in which, upon that stage, one of the most famous of decisive battles was indicated:

> "Where—O, for pity!—we shall much disgrace,
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> The name of Agincourt!"

[2] This jealousy was so well known among their contemporaries that when Kean lost a valuable ring which had been given to him by Queen Victoria, in recognition of his histrionic and managerial achievements, the sardonic Douglas Jerrold remarked: "It will probably be found *sticking in Macready's crop.*"

> I feel myself in some measure responsible. I, in my endeavor to give to Shakespeare *all* his attributes; *to enrich* his poetry with scenes [settings] worthy of its interpretation: to give to his tragedies *their due* magnificence, and to his comedies their entire brilliancy, have set an example which is accompanied with great peril,—for the public is willing to have the magnificence without the tragedy, and the poet is swallowed up in display. . . ."

Those ill-natured comments by Macready (a much embittered man as well as one of the greatest of artists), apropos of the work of Kean, were merely an ebullition of envy. He perceived himself being excelled as a producer, and he vented his spleen in detraction. His solicitude concerning "the poet" was entirely superfluous. With the public, then as now and always, in a presentation of Shakespeare "the play's the thing": no revival of any of his plays that has depended for support merely upon "display" has ever had, at best, more than a fleeting prosperity: many of such productions have been disastrous failures. A diamond is always a diamond—but cut, polished and placed in a suitable and lovely setting it always shows to better advantage than when left, rough and imperfect, embedded in clay. To give to Shakespeare's plays, tragic or comic, their wholly adequate, *due* investiture—that, and nothing more—has been, and is, the honorable ambition of his most truly appreciative and reverent producers. Such, certainly, is my ambition in reviving "The Merchant of Venice." But to recognize that not everything which Shakespeare wrote is either good literature or good drama does not injure,—on the contrary it aids,—in making satisfactory revivals of his plays.

The same complaint, nevertheless, that was made

against Kean has been uttered, in successive periods, against Kean's successors,—against, for example, Lester Wallack (when he revived "Much Ado About Nothing"), Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Augustin Daly, Charles Calvert, and—most of all—against Henry Irving. Not long ago I read an article extolling the methods of producers who throw away all the beautiful and invaluable improvements which have been developed during the last three hundred years and revert to primitive methods. In that article I found the following amazing remarks:

> ". . . The two producers who did most in England to keep Shakespeare on the boards, also *did a great deal to ruin Shakespeare,* by denying that he knew his business. . . .
>
> "Those two[1] producers were Sir Henry Irving, who *chopped up* the plays and *re-arranged* the scenes to make as few changes of *locale* as possible. He *ruined Shakespeare's construction.*
>
> "Sir Frank Benson, who trained a whole swarm of Shakespearean actors. He let loose upon the poor land that *plague of mouthing and solemn elocutionists* who have ruined whatever Irving and the other producers had left of Shakespeare's splendid and racy humanity. . . ."

There is a kind of men who very quickly grow tired of hearing Aristides called the just and who (vicious with envy) take a sort of malicious pleasure in girding at the great achievements of leaders in any calling.

[1] It is rank and ignorant injustice thus to ignore all that was done, in England, in the way of "keeping Shakespeare on the stage," by Macready, Charles Kean, Samuel Phelps (who produced thirty-two of Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays—a record never equaled), Charles Calvert and Herbert Beerbohm-Tree.

Silent contempt, no doubt, often is the wisest way to treat their ebullitions of disparagement. Yet it is not right that theatrical history should be falsified, and the reputations of noble artists and devoted public servants be traduced, without protest. Henry Irving was (in my judgment) the greatest stage producer that ever lived. The British Government (with the hearty approval of the whole English-speaking world) made him a knight (the first actor ever, as such, to be so honored), in recognition of his unequaled services to the Theatre and the Art of Acting and thus to the Public. And now, seventeen years after his death, we are apprised (upon authority of persons who have never done anything of the slightest note for anybody!) that his beneficent services consisted, in large part, of "chopping up" Shakespeare and ruining or destroying his "construction" and "the splendid and racy humanity" which he depicted!

Sir Frank Benson (a disciple of Irving, who began his stage career under him, at the London Lyceum Theatre, in 1883) has long maintained, in his theatrical traveling company, the best training school accessible, in recent years, to the English-speaking stage aspirant. The one thing which Irving detested most in the Theatre was a "mouthing, solemn elocutionist." His derisive name for such a one was "a spouter." He preached, practiced and enforced, from first to last, the theory of acting which at all times subordinates mere elocution to *impersonation.* One of the texts upon which he descanted, time and again, as illustrating his doctrine, is the terrific speech of *Shylock,* in the famous Street Scene of "The Merchant." That theory and practice of impersonation instead of declamation Benson learned from Irving, and throughout his long and admirable career he has inculcated it in the actors whom he has trained—yet we are now informed, falsely as well as

flippantly, that Benson was honored by his government, as Irving had been, not for merit, but for training and letting loose upon the stage "a plague" of "spouters," of "mouthing and solemn elocutionists"! Such mean belittlement of greatness "is not, and it cannot come to, good."

Irving produced twelve of Shakespeare's plays. When he first came out in "Hamlet," at the London Lyceum (under management, by the way, of an American, old "Chain-Lightning" Bateman), that tragedy was given for 200 consecutive performances (the longest run ever achieved with it anywhere), and the total cost of the production, scenery and dresses (the latter being hired), was—$475! When Irving again revived it at the Lyceum, four years later, the amount expended on the production was approximately $5,000. When (November 1, 1879) he made his famous revival of "The Merchant of Venice" (which for artistic beauty and general excellence has never been excelled) the production account totaled but $5,750. During the run of the piece (250 consecutive performances—the longest run ever achieved, anywhere, with a play by Shakespeare) Irving spent, for upkeep and new scenery and costumes, an additional $4,090—a grand total of only $9,840. According to an old proverb "money talks." Well, it does. And, on this subject, I seem to hear it saying: "You cannot produce a Shakespeare comedy, setting it in thirteen scenes; dress upward of 150 different persons, and run the play for more than seven consecutive months, on a total production expenditure of less than $10,000—and still do much scenic 'overloading'!"[1]

[1] "Except in *one* instance [meaning, when he produced "King Henry VIII."] the scenic art has *never* been made the cardinal element of my policy. . . .

"*Nothing,* to my mind, *can* be 'overdone' upon the stage that

The second point of disagreement always comes as to the original text. Clamor for the complete, unexpurgated, *original* text of Shakespeare arises, primarily, from a fallacious assumption—the assumption, namely, that there *exists* a clear, definite, *complete* "original text." All competent Shakespeare scholars are aware, of course, that there is no such thing. Yet, by way of censuring modern producers, who, of necessity, edit and arrange Shakespeare's plays for the contemporary stage, it is sarcastically alleged that "Shakespeare knew what he was doing when he put together his plays in *short scenes,* developing rapidly on one another. . . ."

Such observations as that display ignorance—because they reveal a supposition that Shakespeare made his plays exactly as they stand to-day in those superb monuments of scholarship and devoted labor, the modern standard Library Editions. Such, of course, is not the case. Save by inference and deduction, we possess comparatively little knowledge of how Shakespeare "put together his plays." But part of the knowledge on that subject which we *do* possess is that he did *not,* exclusively,—or even in most instances,—put them together in "short scenes."

Counting the two parts of "King Henry IV." and the three parts of "King Henry VI.," as separate plays, and including both "Titus Andronicus" and "Pericles," there are thirty-seven Shakespeare plays. Our chief source of their text is the First Folio, 1623. Eighteen of the plays are therein printed for the first time. The others had been previously printed in one, or more,

is beautiful—I mean, correct and harmonious,—and that *heightens,* not dwarfs, the imagination and reality. I took no less pains [than he had taken in staging Shakespeare] in producing [the farce of] 'The Captain of the Watch' or 'The Two Roses.' "—Henry Irving.

quarto editions. Some of those quartos were surreptitious or piratical (*e. g.*, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "King Henry VI.—Part One").[1] Some of them were authorized and are invaluable. The type for the First Folio was (probably) set, in some instances, from manuscripts (*e. g.*, "The Tempest"),[2] in some, from playhouse (prompt) copies—which may have been made up on copies of printed quartos or may have been in manuscript—and in some other instances, beyond doubt, from earlier quartos.

The First Folio, while it certainly is what that greatest of Shakespeare scholars, J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, called it,—namely, "The most interesting and valuable book in the whole range of English literature,"—is, also, certainly *the worst compiled, edited and printed work*, of major importance, ever issued from the press.[3] It has been authoritatively said to contain approximately 20,000 demonstrable errors.[4] In the plays, as there printed, are found some scenes or passages which do not occur in any of the previously printed quartos—

[1] Halliwell-Phillipps.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] A great deal of pother is made, from time to time (especially by Baconian fanatics), over the fact that we do not possess the original manuscripts of Shakespeare. Everything considered, it would be more strange if we *did* possess them. The Globe Theatre was burnt, June (29?), 1613, during a performance of "King Henry VIII." and, beyond reasonable doubt, many of those manuscripts were then destroyed. Not much care was taken of manuscripts after they had been "set up." Moreover, London was swept by a terrible fire, in 1666, in which old St. Paul's Cathedral was consumed, and along with it "a vast quantity of books *and manuscripts* that had been brought from all the threatened parts of the city and heaped beneath its arches." Thus might well have perished the manuscripts of the later Shakespeare plays—first printed in the Folio—supposing them to have survived for forty-three years after that book issued.

[4] William Winter.

while, on the other hand, in some of those quartos are scenes or passages which do not occur in the First Folio. This, notably, is the case with "Hamlet" and "King Richard III." In almost innumerable instances "readings" vary. "Troilus and Cressida" is, practically speaking, an irreparable jumble. "King John" is, scenically, much tangled. "Macbeth" is notoriously corrupt.[1] "Antony and Cleopatra" and "Troilus and Cressida," as we have received them (First Folio), are not divided into scenes, or even into acts. "The Comedy of Errors," "A Midsummer Night's Dream,"[2] "Much Ado About Nothing," "Love's Labor's Lost," "Julius Cæsar," and "Coriolanus," like "The Merchant of Venice, *are* divided into acts, but *not* into scenes. And yet modern producers (who are scrupulous to present the great plays with due consideration of unity, consistency, continuity, clarity and dramatic effect) are censured and aspersed for not setting them upon the stage, according to "the original text," and in many "short scenes," as Shakespeare made them!

Much of the fallacious (or fictitious) reverence for "the original text" of Shakespeare which has been manifested during the last century or so (and manifested, generally, by idlers, in disparagement of the work of sincere and competent producers) originated with the famous English political agitator and philologist, John Horne Tooke (1736-1812), who, very preposterously, wrote that "The First Folio [of Shakespeare] is *the only* edition worth reading" and that "it is much to be wished that an edition of Shakespeare were given

[1] "Shakespeare wrote for an ill-provided stage, and there is reason to believe that his plays, as they have come down to us, contain *language that was foisted upon them by other writers.*" —William Winter.

[2] In the first quarto, "The Dream" is not even divided into acts.

literatim according to the First Folio . . . for, by the presumptuous license of the dwarfish commentators, we risk the loss of Shakespeare's genuine text, which that Folio assuredly contains, notwithstanding some *few slight* [!] errors of the press."

Halliwell-Phillipps, with terse restraint, remarks that: "Horne Tooke was not so well read as the commentators, none of whom could have exhibited such *an entire ignorance* of the value of the quartos,"—nor, be it added, of the state of the text as it stands in the First Folio. Indeed, it is proper to say that Tooke's observations suggest the probability that he never really studied a copy of the Folio,—which exhibits such a jumble of errors and defects that no publisher of to-day would accept it as printers'-copy, let alone offer it for sale as a finished product of the bookmaker's craft! Since the time of Horne Tooke we have had many editors and commentators (Dyce, Staunton, Knight, Collier, White, Clarke and Wright, Keightley and Furness, among them) who have rendered invaluable service in correction and coördination of Shakespeare's plays.

And the producers who (in my judgment) most truly revere the Great Dramatist and best serve his fame and the public interest are not those who make of his plays archaic and tiresome curiosities, but those who (sensibly utilizing an eclectic and purged text) present those plays in form suitable to the modern stage and contemporary taste.[1] I cannot comprehend, for example, how it can

[1] Dr. Johnson frankly remarked of Shakespeare that: "He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion."

And William Winter, with his customary simplicity and saneness, has written: "No person, I believe, has ever entertained a more profound veneration for the genius of Shakespeare than is cherished by me. But I have long felt that the habit of

be thought either reverent of Shakespeare, or agreeable, or necessary to satisfaction of an audience assembled in the theatre, to hear *Lorenzo* rebuke *Launcelot* with "the getting up of the negro's belly" Act. V., Sc. 1, ed. Dyce),—and in my stage arrangement of "The Merchant" all such exquisite gems of the original text will be found conspicuous by their absence.

In arranging this Acting Edition of "The Merchant of Venice" my steadfast purpose has been to provide a properly full and entirely adequate, correct, and therefore satisfactory, presentation of Shakespeare's ever-favorite tragi-comedy, within the limit of time available, —about three hours. In order to accomplish this, all that it was found practically possible to do for the acceleration of the dramatic movement has been done, by omission of expatiative passages and of all such scenes as experience has shown to be supererogatory,[1] and also (as previously signified) by deletion of all such speeches as, being gross and vulgar, are offensive to decency and good taste.

In performance of the work of arrangement the best of the earlier stage versions have been studiously examined and considered (most of all, those made by Charles Kean, Edwin Booth—1878 and 1887—and Henry Irving). It is my hope and belief that the resultant fabric, while it is in some sense peculiar to itself, will be found, also,

ascribing perfection to everything that Shakespeare wrote, merely because *he* wrote it, is one of the chief obstacles to a right understanding of his works. . . . He should be venerated and extolled for his virtues, not for his faults. As an artist he was often heedless; there is not even one of his plays which, as we possess it, would not be better had it been carefully revised by him, and one object which should invariably and conscientiously be sought in the stage presentation of his plays is the exclusion of *the errors and blemishes* of 'the original text.' "

[1] Notably, the *Arragon* Casket Scene.

to be incorporative of all that is best in the arrangements of precedent producers.

I recently read a letter by that great American theatrical manager Augustin Daly, addressed to his friend and mine, the late William Winter, when they were at work upon a stage arrangement (never produced) of "All's Well That Ends Well," in which he expressed some views on adaptation which seem to me worthy of record:

> ". . . My only idea of adaptation is to make as few changes of scene as it is possible to get along with, and to reach this end it will only be necessary to transpose a few of the scenes,—as I did in 'The School for Scandal.'
>
> "In that piece there are *not fifteen words* added to Sheridan.
>
> ". . . There are [in Shakespeare] some obsolete and incomprehensible phrases which might be 'adapted,' I think; but that I leave to your taste. We want to make Shakespeare attractive to the greater mass: and, to that end (as Charles Dickens advised Bulwer), we must concede something to them. . . ."

And I would also commend, to persons solicitous concerning the text as it stands cut and arranged in my version, the following remarks by one of the most reverent and scrupulous editors of Shakespeare, the late Charles Edward Flower—who, it is interesting to recall, did his editorial work within sight of the spot where the Swan of Avon ceased from singing and where his ashes lie at rest:

> "Some learned critics object to *any* omissions, or any alterations in the order of scenes, however *necessary to the exigencies of the stage,* and say

that Shakespeare's plays should be acted only as he wrote them, *forgetting* that the 'original text' [*i. e.*, the quartos and the First Folio] are *very* corrupt, and that THE DIVISIONS INTO SCENES ARE, IN MOST INSTANCES, ONLY CONJECTURAL. . . . It might as well be objected that Shakespeare's plays ought never to be ACTED, as we understand acting, but should simply be *declaimed* before a tapestry screen. . . ."

In his Notes on the Arrangement of "Hamlet," Flower says:

"In the editions published during the last [the eighteenth] century this play was divided into a great number of scenes, and some exception has been taken to the recent practice of *reducing* this number, by playing several scenes continuously, without change or pause. This, instead of being an innovation, is really a return to the original form,"[1]

[1] It was as a consequence of Mr. Flower's often expressed wish and suggestion that "Hamlet" was, finally, presented "in its entirety" (the performance lasting about seven hours and being given in two parts, the first in the afternoon, the second at night), at Stratford-upon-Avon. But Mr. Flower was an eminently sensible man, and he quite comprehended that such a representation was suitable to a special occasion only and neither feasible nor desirable in the regular theatre. He had a perfect understanding of the practical requirements of the stage, for, working upon the basis of all available English stage arrangements (including those of Cibber, Garrick, J. P. Kemble, E. Kean, Macready, C. Kean, Phelps, C. Calvert and Irving) and of many used or made in Germany, he had prepared an invaluable students' Working Edition of Shakespeare, preserving practically entire the definitive texts, while—by use of two sizes of type, supplemented with explanatory notes in italics—simultaneously showing the various cuts and transpositions required by the exigencies of the modern Theatre and sanctioned by the most scholarly usage.

—an important fact which I have heedfully borne in mind, notably in my treatment of the Second Act of "The Merchant," in which there is only one change of set, and that a change supplementary to the text of Shakespeare, made at the close of the Act.

The whole long and sometimes acrimonious controversy over proper methods of reviving the plays of Shakespeare upon the Stage of to-day (whether in respect to the nature of investiture or the editing of the text) resolves itself into this:

Should a producer utilize all the expedients, devices and improvements which incessant study and continuous scientific discovery and invention have developed during the last three hundred years: or, Should he (not for a special, educational occasion but as a permanent policy) throw away ambition, and with it all the advancement that has been made in that long time, and revert to the crude, inferior, wholly inadequate methods which were in vogue (and which were contemned while they were in vogue) during the infancy of the modern Theatre?

To do the latter, honestly and consistently, we should, among other things, have to banish women from our stage and to have such parts as *Portia, Nerissa* and the amorous *Jessica* represented by "squeaking boys": to dispense with suitable music and the almost limitless advantages and all the exquisite beauties of electrical lighting: to forego the use of proper make-up (wigs, pigments, etc.): to do away with all adequate scenery, furniture and dressing: to present—for example—"The Merchant of Venice" not in the garb and the environment of the Venice of the sixteenth century, but in the cast-off garments of the nobility of Elizabeth's court, and in a rough, semi-barren environment, scarce dignified enough for a bear-baiting![1]

[1] Shakespeare students, of course, are familiar with the gen-

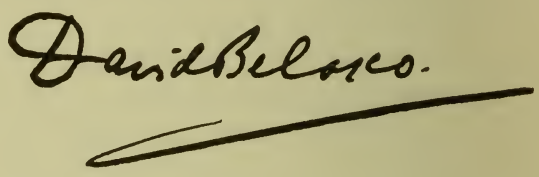
The Public certainly would not tolerate such ineptitude in management. Nor is it possible for me to doubt that Shakespeare himself would eagerly have employed all the many invaluable accessories of modern stage-craft if they had been available to him. Therefore, in making this revival of "The Merchant of Venice," what I am sure Shakespeare would have done, what I am sure he would do if he were here to-day, that I have done—and availed myself to the full of all those accessories and aids to effect. But in the doing so I have neither forgotten nor disregarded the study, insight and achievement of three centuries of precedent labor. Thus it will, I trust, be found that, while making innovations such as life-long study and experience have suggested, I have neither cumbered the stage with superfluous and hampering embellishments nor disregarded anything valuable in the traditions with which, through generations of genius, this great play has become encrusted. From the very first it has been a cardinal article of my artistic creed that only by utilizing *all* that is best—*all* that is true, right and effective—in old and tried methods, together with all that is of manifest value in new ones, can a dramatic director give to his public what that public is entitled to receive. To nothing, perhaps, more than to methods of stage representation are the wise words of Pope applicable:

> "Alike fantastic, if too new or old;
> Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

eral circumstances of a performance, at a public play-house, in the time of Shakespeare. The average theatre-goer (to whom primarily these words are addressed and for whom my productions are made) may not be; and therefore, as possibly suggestive and interesting, I append a description of such a performance, quoted from Taine: see page 37.

Thus, I may venture to claim, it will be found that I have wrought neither as a blind adherent to old ways nor as a mere presumptuous innovator, but as a humble, reverent and most earnest student and disciple of Shakespeare, of the great leaders of my beloved calling, and of Truth and Beauty. I have at least done my utmost to *deserve* success, and therefore with equanimity I await the Public's verdict—remembering the words of The Master himself:

"For never anything comes amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it!"



THE ILLINI THEATRE GUILD
at the UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
LINCOLN HALL THEATRE
URBANA, ILLINOIS

David Warfield

CONCERNING SHYLOCK

CONCERNING SHYLOCK.

Into the controversy as to whether *Shylock* is a monster or a martyr I shall not, here and now, enter. Mr. Warfield's performance is, I am sure, the best essay upon his conception which could be provided. But some singular doctrines concerning the seriousness, I might perhaps say the sincerity, of the character of *Shylock* have, in the coming on of time, got themselves accepted. Not long ago, for example, I read warm commendation of an actor who presented him as a short, fat, *red-haired,* smirking Jew, grotesque and comical. Indeed, of recent years, the assertion that *Shylock* was acted in Shakespeare's day as a red-haired, *comic* character has been so often made that, at last, ignorance has accepted mere iterant asseveration as truth and this notion has become widely prevalent.

It is a notion both false and preposterous. There is nothing in the character, the conduct, or the experience of *Shylock* that is in the least comic. Nor is there any sufficient ground for assuming and alleging that *Shylock* was ever acted in the presence, or the period, of his creator as a comic character. As *Hamlet* is an embodiment of introspective, suffering intellect,—*Macbeth,* of guilty, conscience-scourged ambition,—*Lear,* of paternal love, outraged and anguished by filial ingratitude,—*Iago,* of diabolical treachery,—so *Shylock* is an embodiment (and a supreme one) of vindictive hatred over-reaching and destroying itself in a hideous purpose of revenge. And he is not the less so because, in his final discomfiture and utter ruin, he is, in some sort, pathetic. There

is nothing comic in such a character and experience; there is much that is afflictingly tragic.

Intelligent reading of the text of Shakespeare's play can leave no slightest doubt of the vital, rugged, grim and essentially tragic character of *Shylock*. Here and there, indeed, that text reveals or suggests a momentary, fleeting, grisly jocularity; but any person who can heedfully and apprehensively study it and find in that character anything comic, assuredly must possess a most peculiar sense of humor.

The tradition that *Shylock* was originally played in *a red wig* rests upon a probable (not to say a manifest) forgery. There is no known, authentic chronicle containing specific record of the first player of *Shylock*. It is assumed, however, and with reasonable certainty, that it was the famous actor Richard Burbage (*circa* 1568-1619).

Burbage was the principal player at the Globe and Blackfriars theatres. One authority remarks of him that "He was specially famous for his impersonation of *Richard the Third* and other Shakespearean characters, and it was *in tragedy* that he most excelled." Burbage was closely associated with Shakespeare (whom he survived for about two years and who remembered him in his will), and, as he was the original performer of many other of Shakespeare's great *tragic* characters, it is entirely reasonable to suppose that he was that of *Shylock,* also. But as *Shylock* is manifestly a tragic part, and as Burbage "especially excelled" as a tragic actor there is no reason to assume that he played the part in anything but a *tragic* manner.

When he died, some commemorative verses about him were written anonymously,—and, perhaps, published. Those verses are entitled: "A Funeral Elegy, on the

Death of the Famous Actor, Richard Burbage, who died on Saturday in Lent, the 13th of March, 1618[9]."

This "Funeral Elegy" was first published (in "The Gentleman's Magazine," London, 1825) by Mr. Haslewood, who owned the original manuscript,—which, later, was placed in the Huth Library.

J. Payne Collier reprinted that Elegy in his "History of English Dramatic Poetry," London, 1831. In his "New Particulars Regarding the Works of Shakespeare," London, 1836, Collier mentions as belonging to Heber, a *second* manuscript copy of the verses, and *asserts* that he had subsequently "met with a *third* [manuscript] copy of the same Elegy, in which the list of [Burbage's] characters is enlarged [from three] . . . to no fewer than twenty, of which *twelve* are in plays by Shakespeare. . . ."

This alleged third copy of the Elegy on Burbage, which Collier asserts that he *saw,* he printed, in full, in his "Memoirs of Actors," London, 1846. In Haslewood's manuscript there are eighty-six lines. In the alleged "third copy," as printed by Collier, there are one hundred and twenty-four lines. The additional thirty-eight lines thus promulgated were rejected by C. M. Inglby, when compiling his "Century of Praise"; and Miss Toulmin Smith, in the second edition thereof, remarks significantly that *the original manuscript* containing them has "not yet come to light."

Among those additional thirty-eight lines published by Collier occur the following, which allude to "The Merchant of Venice" and *Shylock:*

"Heart-broke Philaster, and Amintas, too,
Are lost forever; with the red-hair'd Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh,
By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh . . ." &c.

Collier was an indefatigable antiquarian and a profoundly learned Shakespeare scholar, but his many forgeries (in the Perkins Folio of Shakespeare, and elsewhere) make it difficult, if not rationally impossible, to accept as genuine *any* uncorroborated "discovery" made by him. And it must be remembered that those lines additional to the old anonymous Elegy (lines absolutely unauthenticated and—to speak frankly—beyond doubt spurious) are *the sole* "authority" for asserting that *Shylock* was played, in Shakespeare's day, in a red wig.

Collier declared, also, that Burbage wore "a long false nose, such as was worn by" Edward Alleyn, when acting *Barabas,* in Marlowe's "The Jew of Malta." That is only an assumption by Collier; he had no authority for making it. But, even if it be correct; and if, furthermore, the additional lines of the Elegy be accepted as authentic—what then? A red wig is no bar to a tragic impersonation—nor is a long nose. Was Richard Mansfield's personation of *Cyrano de Bergerac* any the less tragic because he wore an elongated snout, when playing that part? Who that ever saw the younger James W. Wallack's red-haired *Fagin* would ever have called it a *comic* embodiment?

The false notion that Shylock was at first played as a comic character originated in the fact that Thomas Doggett (died, 1721), the first actor definitely recorded as a performer of *Shylock,* was an actor of *comic and farcical parts.* The old prompter John Downes writes of him, in the "Roscius Anglicanus": "Mr. Doggett, on the stage, he's very aspect abund [whatever that may have been], wearing a farce in his face," and Downes further pronounces him to be "the *only comic original* now [1708] extant." His friend, and one-time partner, old Colley Cibber, also wrote of Doggett that

"his greatest success was in characters of lower life," and that "in songs, and particular dances, too, *of humor,* he had no competitor." Doggett did present, in a coarsely comic manner, a character called *Shylock* (described as "a stock-jobbing Jew"); but he did so only in the atrocious perversion of "The Merchant of Venice" made by George Granville, Viscount of Lansdowne, which was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, London, in 1701, and which held the stage during the next forty years.

That perversion bears about as much likeness to the comedy by Shakespeare as does the light diffused by a tallow dip to that of the sun. When the noble George thrust his ears through Shakespeare's play he made only one good change—he altered the title from "The Merchant of Venice" to "The Jew of Venice." To assume that Shakespeare's great character of *Shylock* was originally played by Burbage (or should ever be played by anybody) as a humorous character because Doggett (of necessity) played Lord Lansdowne's *Shylock* as a "comic original" is about as rational as it would be to suppose that *Hamlet* should be presented as a humorous character, because the once-famous clown George L. Fox used, years ago, to present a burlesque *Hamlet,* in a popular travesty of the tragedy, at old Niblo's Garden.

The great Shakespeare scholar, the elder Horace Howard Furness, remarks on this subject: "There is *no ground* for the belief that Shakespeare's *Shylock was ever* presented on the stage in a comic light. To assert it is to imply that Lansdowne's *'Shylock'* and Shakespeare's *Shylock* are identical."

And the great actor and theatrical manager Edwin Booth (a diligent, scrupulous student of Shakespeare and one of the greatest players of *Shylock* ever seen) wrote, in a published letter on this subject:

". . . 'Tis nonsense to suppose that *Shylock* was represented in other than a serious vein by Burbage, merely because he 'made up' (doubtless, after some representation of Judas) with red hair, to emphasize the vicious expression of his features. Is there any *authority* for the assertion which some make that he also wore a long nose?[1] What if he did? A clever actor once played the part of *Tubal* with me, and wore red hair and a *hook'd nose*. He did not make the audience laugh: 'twas not his purpose; but he looked the very creature that could sympathize with *Shylock*. His make-up was admirable. He's the son of the famous John Drew, and is the leading man with Augustin Daly's company. . . ."

[1] None—it rests, as aforesaid, merely on the unsupported statement of a diligent but unscrupulous antiquarian.

THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE.

FROM TAINE'S "HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE."

"There were already seven theatres in London, in Shakespeare's time. . . . Great and rude contrivances, awkward in their construction, barbarous in their appointments; but a fervid imagination readily supplied all that they lacked, and hardy bodies endured all inconveniences without difficulty. On a dirty site, on the banks of the Thames, rose the principal theatre, the Globe, a sort of hexagonal tower, surrounded by a muddy ditch, on which was hoisted a red flag. The common people could enter as well as the rich: there were sixpenny, twopenny, even penny seats; but they could not see it without money. If it rained, and it often rains in London, the people in the pit, butchers, mercers, bakers, sailors, apprentices, received the streaming rain upon their heads. I suppose they did not trouble themselves about it; it was not so long since they began to pave the streets of London, and men like these have had experience of sewers and puddles; they were not afraid of catching cold. While waiting for the piece, they amuse themselves after their fashion; drink beer, crack nuts, eat fruit, howl, and now and then resort to their fists; they have been known to fall upon the actors, and turn the theatre upside down. At other times they were dissatisfied and went to the tavern to give the poet a hiding, or toss him in a blanket; they were coarse fellows, and there was no month when the cry of 'Clubs!' did not call them out of their shops to exercise their brawny arms. When the beer took effect, there was a great up-

turned barrel in the pit, a peculiar receptacle for general use. The smell rises, and then comes the cry, 'Burn the juniper!' They burn some in a plate on the stage, and the heavy smoke fills the air. Certainly the folk there assembled could scarcely get disgusted at anything, and cannot have had sensitive noses. In the time of Rabelais there was not much cleanliness to speak of. Remember that they were hardly out of the middle-age, and that in the middle-age man lived on a dunghill.

"Above them, on the stage, were the spectators able to pay a shilling, the elegant people, the gentlefolk. These were sheltered from the rain, and if they chose to pay an extra shilling, could have a stool. To this were reduced the prerogatives of rank and the devices of comfort: it often happened that there were not stools enough; then they lie down on the ground: this was not a time to be dainty. They play cards, smoke, insult the pit, who gave it them back without stinting and throw apples at them into the bargain. They also gesticulate, swear in Italian, French, English; crack aloud jokes in dainty, composite, high-colored words. . . .

"There were no preparations or perspectives; few or no movable scenes: their imaginations took all this upon them. A scroll in big letters announced to the public that they were in London or Constantinople; and that was enough to carry the public to the desired place. There was no trouble about probability. Sir Philip Sidney writes:

> "'You shall have Asia on the one side, and Africke of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the Plaier when hee comes in must ever begin with telling where hee is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now shall you have three Ladies walke to gather flowers, and then we must beleeve

the stage to be a garden. By and by wee heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, then wee are to blame if we accept it not for a rocke; . . . while in the meane time two armies flie in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now of time they are much more liberall. For ordinary it is, that two young Princes fall in love, after many traverses, she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy, hee is lost, goweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe; and all this in two houres space.' ''

DAVID BELASCO

Presents

MR. WARFIELD

As Shylock

in

Wm. Shakespeare's

The Merchant of Venice

The Characters as Cast.

Duke of Venice		A. E. Anson
Prince of Morocco		Herbert Grimwood
Antonio, the Merchant		Ian MacLaren
Bassanio, his kinsman and friend		Philip Merivale
Gratiano,	Friends to Antonio and Bassanio	W. I. Percival
Lorenzo,		Horace Braham
Salarino,		Herbert Ranson
Solanio,		Reginald Goode
Shylock, the Jew		David Warfield
Tubal,	Countrymen and friends to Shylock	Albert Bruning
Chus,		Morris Strassberg
Launcelot Gobbo, Servant to Shylock		Percival Vivian
Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot		Fuller Mellish
Balthazar, Steward to Portia		Charles Harbury
Stephano, a servant to Portia		E. H. Wever

LEONARDO, a servant to Bassanio.....Edward Crandall
A JESTER, at Belmont.....Warde de Wolfe
CLERK OF THE COURT.....Nick Long
A DUCAL MESSENGER.....H. Brown

PORTIA, a rich heiress.....Mary Servoss
NERISSA, her waiting gentlewoman.....Mary Ellis
JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.....Julia Adler

Magnificoes of Venice; Officers of the Court of Justice; Gentlemen and Gentlewomen; Citizens of Venice; Jews; Servants and Others.

PERIOD,—About the First Quarter of the Sixteenth Century.

PLACE,—in Italy: Partly in Venice, and partly at Belmont,—the country seat of Portia upon the neighboring mainland.

THE SCENES

AS ARRANGED IN THIS VERSION.

FIRST ACT.

First Scene, Venice; A Street, near to the Rialto. Time, Morning.
Second Scene, Belmont; A Room in the House of Portia. Time, Evening.
Third Scene, Venice; An Open Place, before a Synagogue. Time, Late Afternoon.

SECOND ACT.

First Scene, Venice; The House of Shylock. Time, Dusk darkening to Night.

Second Scene (without pause), A Room in the House of Shylock.

An indeterminate lapse of time is supposed between the Second and Third Scenes. In presentation there will be the briefest possible interval between them.

Third Scene, The House of Shylock again. Time, Morning.

Third Act.

First Scene, Belmont; The Casket Chamber in the House of Portia. Time, Forenoon.

The Tableaux Curtains will be closed for one minute at the end of this scene.

Second Scene, The Casket Chamber again. Time, the next night.

The Tableaux Curtain will be closed for one minute at the end of this scene.

Another interval of a day and the double wedding (of Bassanio and Portia, Gratiano and Nerissa) is here supposed.

Third Scene, The Casket Chamber again. Time, at Sunset, the next day.

Fourth Act.

Scene, Venice; A Court of Justice. Time, Midday.

Fifth Act.

Scene, Belmont; A Garden to the House of Portia. Time, Midnight.

THE PLAY PRODUCED UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF
MR. BELASCO.

THE SCENIC INVESTITURE BY ERNEST GROS.

MUSIC BY NORMAN O'NEILL.

Costumes Designed by Percy McQuoid, R. I., made by B. J. Simmons & Co., Covent Garden, London.

Scenes Painted by Ernest Gros, with the assistance of R. W. Bergman and H. Robert Law.

Electrical Effects by Louis Hartman.

Scenes Built by Charles L. Carson.

Women's Costumes for First Act, Second Scene; Third Act, Second Scene, and Fifth Act, Designed and Made by Mme. Gerber of Callot Sœurs, Paris.

Women's Costumes for Third Act, First Scene, Made by Henri Bendel, New York.

Properties by Rosewag, Paris, Henry Gebhardt, Siedle Studios, New York, and Matthew F. Purcell.

Renaissance Materials by Mariano Fortuny, Venice.

Curtains and Draperies by L. Kuhn, New York.

Wigs by Hepner, Broich, Zauder and John.

Shoes by Algamba, London, and I. Miller, New York.

Execution of Artistic Details of Costumes and Properties Supervised by Elmer E. Taflinger.

Costumer with Company, Mme. Heerman.

Stage Director, Burk Symon.

Stage Manager, William Boag.

Musical Director, Edwin E. Ludig.

THE
DAVID BELASCO
STAGE ARRANGEMENT
OF
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

FIRST ACT.

First Scene, *Venice; A* Street *near to the Rialto. Time, Morning.*

At Tormentors, Right *and* Left, *Draperies. At* R. *a House which extends diagonally upon Stage about halfway to* C. *and on line with* R. 2. E. (*This House is Set Piece with Door and Set Piece, extending Back, up-Stage, from point specified.*)

Another House (2 *Set Pieces, and* 1 *Set Piece with Door*), *extends on from* L. *halfway to* C. *There it makes angle and extends diagonally across and down-Stage to a point a few feet* R. of C., *where it breaks at sharp angle and extends Back up-Stage toward* R. *With Wall of House* R., *this House forms a Street, extending diagonally toward Back,* R. *Street-Backing at extreme rear for this Street.*

Entrances can be made by way of this Street, at Back, from R. *or from* R. C.

At L. *another House* (*Set Piece with Door*) *extends diagonally up-Stage from L. corner, above Tormentor, to about* L. 2. E. *Above this, and thus in front of House* L. *to* R. C., *&c., there is space for Entrance.*

Between Tormentor Draperies, R. *and*

L., *and the Houses above them, there is also Entrance space.*

Music to cue.

As the CURTAINS *are opened a* BOY, *carrying a Basket of Cherries, is discovered a little* C. *of the Entrance up-Stage at* L. *He stands in the shadows of the high House and gazes upward, looking from window to window for possible buyers of his fruit.*

ENTER *from* R., *down Street at Back, a* MAN *with Faggots: he comes down, crosses to* L., *passing* BOY *without noticing him and* EXIT L. 2. E.

ENTER *by Door in House up Street* R. C. *a* MAN *with Painting. He comes down and to* L., *stops, speaks to* BOY *as though telling him of a buyer within the House from which he has just come, then proceeds and* EXIT, L. 2. E.

BOY *with Cherries runs to Door of House, up Street,* R. C., *knocks, is admitted and* EXIT *there.*

ENTER L., *as* BOY *makes exit, a* MAN *carrying a Wine-skin. As he gets on,* ENTER *at Back, from* R. *coming down the Street,* SOLANIO, ANTONIO *and* SALARINO. *These three come down the Street,* SOLANIO *leading.* MAN *with Wine-skin meets them as he turns corner to go up Street at Back; steps aside, bowing deferentially.* SOLANIO *and the others pass him, coming down-Stage.* MAN *with Wine-skin then proceeds on his way and* EXIT *at Back to* R. SOLANIO *down-Stage to* L. SALARINO *down-Stage to*

R. Antonio C. *and a little up-Stage from them.*

Antonio.

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salarino.

Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solanio.

Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salarino.

My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,

Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial.
But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANTONIO.

Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place;
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALARINO.

Why, then you are in love.

ANTONIO.

Fie, fie!

SALARINO.

Not in love neither? Then let's say you're sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you're merry,
'Cause you're not sad.

(BASSANIO, GRATIANO *and* LORENZO *are heard laughing, off* L.)

SOLANIO.

(*Looking off* L., *and then speaking.*)

Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

(SOLANIO *crosses* R. *to* SALARINO.)

SALARINO.

I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANTONIO.

(*Up* R. C.)

Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

(ENTER *from* L. 2. E. BASSANIO, LORENZO *and* GRATIANO.)

SALARINO.

Good morrow, my good lords.

(SALARINO *and* SOLANIO *are going off to* R. F. E.)

BASSANIO.

Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

SALARINO.

We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

(EXEUNT SALARINO *and* SOLANIO R. F. E.)

LORENZO.

My Lord Bassanio, since you've found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

BASSANIO.

I will not fail you.

GRATIANO.

You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvelously chang'd.

ANTONIO.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

GRATIANO.

Let me play The Fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say: "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

(LORENZO *comes down* R. C. ANTONIO *is* L. GRATIANO *meets* LORENZO, *as the latter comes down.* BASSANIO *stands down-Stage of them* R. C.)

LORENZO.

Well, we will leave you then, till dinner-time:

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRATIANO.

Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANTONIO.

Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRATIANO.

Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

(EXEUNT GRATIANO *and* LORENZO *up-Stage to Back at* R.)

ANTONIO.

(R. *of* C., *looking after* GRATIANO.)

Is that anything now?

BASSANIO.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

ANTONIO.

Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

BASSANIO.

'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,

By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
T' unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANTONIO.

I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

BASSANIO.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way with more advisèd watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANTONIO.

You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

(ANTONIO *is* C., BASSANIO *on his* R.)

BASSANIO.

In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renownèd suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

ANTONIO.

Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,

To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

(*They clasp hands, then* Exeunt Antonio *and* Bassanio *severally as* Lights *fade out and Dark Change to Second Scene.*)

Second Scene, *Belmont; A Room, in the* HOUSE *of* PORTIA. *Time, Evening.*

At Tormentors, Right *and* Left, *Draperies. From* L. *corner diagonally up-Stage to a point* L. C., *about on line of Second Entrance, Draperies, forming Wall. From* R. *corner diagonally up-Stage to a point* R. C. *on same line, Draperies, forming Wall. Across Stage at Back, about on line of Second Entrance, Wall with Three Arches (Three Arch Set Piece), backed by draperies. A Large Hanging Light,* C., *above Stage. A Settee,* R. C. *A Small Table near it. A Low Seat* L. *of Settee.*

Music for change sounds on PP. through opening speeches of this Scene.

Discovered PORTIA, *seated upon Settee;* NERISSA *on Low Seat* L. *of her, working upon a piece of Pettipoint.*

PORTIA.

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

NERISSA.

You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: super-

fluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer.

PORTIA.

Good sentences, and well pronounced.

NERISSA.

They would be better, if well followed.

PORTIA.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word "choose"! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

NERISSA.

Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver and lead,—whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

PORTIA.

I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

NERISSA.

First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

PORTIA.

Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

NERISSA.

Then is there the County Palatine.

PORTIA.

He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose:" he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a Death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these:—God defend me from these two!

NERISSA.

How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

PORTIA.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man!

NERISSA.

How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

PORTIA.

Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NERISSA.

If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

PORTIA.

Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

NERISSA.

You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

PORTIA.

If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

NERISSA.

Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

PORTIA.

Yes, yes, it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.

NERISSA.

True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

PORTIA.

I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

(ENTER BALTHAZAR, *at Arch* C. *from* L.)

How now! what news?

BALTHAZAR.

The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

PORTIA.

If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

(EXEUNT,—BALTHAZAR, *then* PORTIA *and* NERISSA, C. *to* L., *as* LIGHTS *fade out for Dark Change to Third Scene.*)

Third Scene, *Venice; An Open Place Before a Synagogue.—Full Stage. Time, Late Afternoon.*

The Synagogue at Back. Large door (with single step before it) in front thereof. Entrances, Streets formed by the various buildings, R. *and* L., *down to Tormentors.*

Light: As of late afternoon, fading into a fiery sunset, and so almost to dark.

The congregation has assembled and the evening service is in progress. The sounds of chanting by the congregation and cantor; also, occasionally, the voice of the Rabbi, are heard. Several belated worshipers come hurrying on, separately, from R. *and* L. *and are admitted through main door of Synagogue, by the Shamus (Sexton)—each hurriedly performing the ceremony of hand-washing before going in.*

Launcelot Gobbo *is discovered* L. *of Synagogue Door.* Enter, *from Synagogue,* Jessica; *she goes to* Launcelot; *they whisper, then* Exeunt R. U. E. *After a moment,* Jessica *returns, alone, and goes back into Synagogue.*

Enter Bassanio *and* Solanio, *up-Stage, from* L. *They come to about center, and pause a moment irresolutely,—*Bassanio *being perplexed to know whether or no* Shylock *is inside the Synagogue.* Enter

from L. F. E. TUBAL *and* CHUS. BASSANIO *stops them and questions* TUBAL, *who shakes his head in negation.* TUBAL *and* CHUS *then proceed toward Synagogue door;* TUBAL, *looking off to* R. U. E., *sees* SHYLOCK *approaching. He points him out to* BASSANIO: *then* EXEUNT TUBAL *and* CHUS *into Synagogue.* BASSANIO *and* SOLANIO *get down* R., *and* EXIT SOLANIO, *at a gesture by* BASSANIO, R. F. E. ENTER SHYLOCK R. U. E.; *as he gets to Synagogue door* BASSANIO *calls him:* "Shylock." BASSANIO *goes up to* SHYLOCK: *they stand in converse near Synagogue door while several other Jews pass in;—then they come forward,* SHYLOCK *speaking as they do so.*

SHYLOCK.

(C., *and* BASSANIO R. *of him.*)

Three thousand ducats,—well.

BASSANIO.

Ay, sir, for three months.

SHYLOCK.

For three months,—well.

BASSANIO.

For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHYLOCK.

Antonio shall become bound,—well.

(*As he says "bound" there is a flicker of eagerness in* SHYLOCK'S *eyes, immediately veiled.*)

BASSANIO.

May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

SHYLOCK.

Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASSANIO.

Your answer to that.

SHYLOCK.

Antonio is a good man.

BASSANIO.

Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHYLOCK.

Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is "a good man," is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves,—I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats:—I think I may take his bond.

BASSANIO.

Be assured you may.

SHYLOCK.

I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

BASSANIO.

If it please you to dine with us.

SHYLOCK.

Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? (*Looking off to* R. F. E.)—Who is he comes here?

BASSANIO.

(*Looking off in direction of* SHYLOCK'S *gaze, then* EXIT *as he speaks, going to meet* ANTONIO, R. F. E.)

This is Signior Antonio.

SHYLOCK.

(*Coming a little* R. C., *watching off to* R. F. E. *as he speaks the following.*)

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

(SHYLOCK *going down Left again, as* ENTER R. F. E. BASSANIO *and* ANTONIO.)

BASSANIO.

Shylock, do you hear?

SHYLOCK.

(*Over Left, nodding slowly and not turning, while he speaks, ruminating.*)

I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—

(SHYLOCK, *as he speaks, turns so as to see* ANTONIO.)

Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANTONIO.

(R.)

Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—

(*Addressing* BASSANIO, *who is a little* R. *of* C.)

Is he yet possess'd
How much we would?

SHYLOCK.

Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANTONIO.

And for three months.

SHYLOCK.

I had forgot,—three months,
(*To* BASSANIO)
you told me so.
Well, then, your bond; and let me see,—but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

ANTONIO.

I do never use it.

SHYLOCK.

When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third,—

ANTONIO.

(*Impatiently.*)

And what of him? did he take interest?

SHYLOCK.

(*With vigor and great relish.*)

No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-color'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

ANTONIO.

This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

SHYLOCK.

I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast!—
But note me, signior.

ANTONIO.

(*Aside to* BASSANIO.)

Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHYLOCK.

(C.)

Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve,—then, let me see, the rate—

ANTONIO.

Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

SHYLOCK.

(*Coming down* C. *as he speaks, and facing* ANTONIO, *who is* R. *of* C. BASSANIO *below* ANTONIO, *to* R.)

Signior Antonio, many a time,—and oft
In the Rialto,[1]—you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me "misbeliever!" "cut-throat!" "dog!"
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys":—you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit!
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this:—
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys"?

(SHYLOCK *turns away, going a little down* L., *as he ends the foregoing speech,—to which* ANTONIO *has listened with visibly increasing anger.*)

ANTONIO.

(*To* C., *and furiously.*)

I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too!

[1] This reading originated with the great actor—one of Garrick's rivals—John Henderson (1747-1785).

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend—for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?—
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

SHYLOCK.

(L., *and coming* C.)

Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys,
And you'll not hear me: this is kind I offer.

BASSANIO.

This were kindness.

SHYLOCK.

This kindness will I show:—
(*To* ANTONIO)
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANTONIO.

Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASSANIO.

You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

ANTONIO.

Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHYLOCK.

O father Abraham, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!—
(SHYLOCK *coming a little toward* BASSANIO *and* ANTONIO.)
Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
(SHYLOCK *about to go toward Synagogue, at Back, as though to leave them.*)

ANTONIO.

Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHYLOCK.

Then meet me forthwith at the notary's,—
Give him direction for this merry bond;
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;

See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

(SHYLOCK *moves toward* L. U. E.)

ANTONIO.

Hie thee, gentle Jew.
(*To* BASSANIO.)
This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

BASSANIO.

I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

ANTONIO.

Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day!

(EXEUNT ANTONIO *and* BASSANIO *to* R. F. E.)

(SHYLOCK *is moving up* C., *towards* L., *as they* EXEUNT. *As they are going off, he turns slowly, his gaze following them.*)

(*Music.*)

(*The Scene is darkening into shadows: the Light falling upon* SHYLOCK *is a dull, ruddy glow. Sound of Hebrew choir singing within Synagogue. As* ANTONIO *and* BASSANIO *are off,* SHYLOCK *comes down* C., *and looking after them, speaks.*)

SHYLOCK.

Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs!

PICTURE.—CURTAIN.

END OF FIRST ACT.

SECOND ACT.

First Scene, *Venice; The* HOUSE *of* SHYLOCK. *Time, Dusk, Darkening to Night.*

The place is the confluence of Two Streets, narrow and somber. SHYLOCK'S HOUSE (*Set Piece, with Door*) *is down* L. *Opposite,* R., *is the "pent-house" mentioned in the text. One Street leads off, up-Stage, to* R. *The other Street leads off, up-Stage, to* L.

After curtain is full up, ENTER TUBAL, *from Back* R., *and crosses down to* HOUSE *of* SHYLOCK, L. *As* TUBAL *reaches the Door,* ENTER, *through it,* CHUS: *his manner is depressed—as though he has just failed in some business negotiation.* TUBAL *and* CHUS, *in pantomime, greet each other; then,* EXEUNT,—CHUS *across Stage to* R. F. E., TUBAL *into the* HOUSE *of* SHYLOCK, *meeting in the Doorway* LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *who opens Door from within and stands respectfully aside for* TUBAL. *After* TUBAL *has passed into* HOUSE, LAUNCELOT GOBBO *comes out, closing Door, and gets to* C.

LAUNCELOT.

Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot

Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who—God bless the mark!—is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

(LAUNCELOT *runs toward* R. *Enter* R. F. E. OLD GOBBO. LAUNCELOT *stops and retreats towards* C. *When* OLD GOBBO *gets on and is about* C., LAUNCELOT *passes behind him and gets* R. C.)

OLD GOBBO.

Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUNCELOT.

(*A little* R. C.,—*aside.*)

O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not: —I will try confusions with him.

OLD GOBBO.

Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUNCELOT.

(*He speaks in an assumed voice, disguising his natural tones, so that he may not be recognized by his father.*)

Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

OLD GOBBO.

By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

LAUNCELOT.

Talk you of young Master Launcelot?
(*Aside, coming down-Stage as he speaks.*)
Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—
(*To* OLD GOBBO.)
Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

OLD GOBBO.

No, "master," sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

LAUNCELOT.

Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

OLD GOBBO.

Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

LAUNCELOT.

But, I pray you, *ergo,* old man, *ergo,* I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

OLD GOBBO.

Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

LAUNCELOT.

Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, for the young gentleman—according to Fates and Destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three, and such branches of learning—is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

OLD GOBBO.

Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUNCELOT.

Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop?—(*Speaks the foregoing aside; then, speaking in his natural voice, addresses his father.*) Do you not know me, father?

OLD GOBBO.

Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy—God rest his soul!—alive or dead?

LAUNCELOT.

Do you not know me, father?

OLD GOBBO.

Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

LAUNCELOT.

Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. (*Kneels before* OLD GOBBO, *facing front.*) Well, old

man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, —a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

OLD GOBBO.

Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUNCELOT.

Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

OLD GOBBO.

I cannot think you are my son.

LAUNCELOT.

I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man· and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

OLD GOBBO.

Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood.

(*Feeling before him, gropingly,* OLD GOBBO *takes hold upon* LAUNCELOT'S *long back hair, which he fingers with amazement.*)

Lord worshiped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

LAUNCELOT.

(*Rising.*)

It would seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

OLD GOBBO.

Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present.

LAUNCELOT.

Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs.

(LAUNCELOT, *laying his own hand upon his ribs, the fingers spread wide apart, takes a hand of his father's and draws it across his fingers.*)

Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. (LAUNCELOT *looking off to* R.) O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

(ENTER BASSANIO, *his servant* LEONARDO *and two other* SERVANTS, *from Back, up* R. LAUNCELOT *and* OLD GOBBO *stay* L. C., *till* BASSANIO*'s speech is ended, then advance, as* BASSANIO *comes down to* R. *of* C.)

BASSANIO.

(*To* LEONARDO.)

You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the furthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making.

(BASSANIO *coming down, gives list and several letters to* LEONARDO, *as he speaks.* LAUNCELOT *and* OLD GOBBO *to him.*)

LAUNCELOT.

To him, father.

OLD GOBBO.

God bless your worship!

BASSANIO.

Gramercy: wouldst thou aught with me?

OLD GOBBO.

Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

LAUNCELOT.

(*Who has been behind his father, now comes forward and puts his father behind him—where he holds him until the end of his own speech, when* OLD GOBBO *comes to the front again: this business is repeated during each speech, until, "Serve you, sir!"*)

Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, (*becoming embarrassed*)—as my father shall specify,—

OLD GOBBO.

He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

LAUNCELOT.

Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

OLD GOBBO.

His master and he—saving your worship's reverence—are scarce cater-cousins,—

LAUNCELOT.

To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

BASSANIO.

One speak for both.—What would you?

LAUNCELOT.

Serve you, sir.

OLD GOBBO.

That is the very de-fect of the matter, sir.

BASSANIO.

I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke to me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee,—if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LAUNCELOT.

The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

BASSANIO.

Thou speak'st it well.—Go, father, with thy son.—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—(*Aside to* LEONARDO) Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

(BASSANIO *speaks aside to* LEONARDO—*at first with a smile, as though continuing about* LAUNCELOT: *then earnestly.*)

LAUNCELOT.

Father, in.—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

(EXEUNT OLD GOBBO, *led in by* LAUNCELOT, *to* SHYLOCK'S HOUSE L. *After they are off,* BASSANIO *comes forward.*)

BASSANIO.

(*Coming forward, with* LEONARDO.)

I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:

(*Gives* LEONARDO *folded papers, which he has taken from his girdle.*)

These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

(EXIT LEONARDO R. U. E. BASSANIO, *crossing to* L., *is met by* TUBAL *coming forth from* SHYLOCK'S HOUSE. TUBAL *bows;* BASSANIO, *with a sneer, passes him by.* EXIT TUBAL, *up to* L., *around corner of House.* ENTER GRATIANO, *passing* TUBAL *and ignoring him.* GRATIANO, *seeing* BASSANIO, *as he is about to go off* L. F. E., *speaks.*)

GRATIANO.

Signior Bassanio!

BASSANIO.

Gratiano!

GRATIANO.

I have a suit to you.

BASSANIO.

You have obtain'd it.

GRATIANO.

Nay, you must not deny me: I must go
With you to Belmont.

BASSANIO.

Why, then you must. But, hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice!
Pray thee, take pain
T' allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behavior,
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

GRATIANO.

Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say "Amen";
Use all th' observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

BASSANIO.

Well, we shall see your bearing.

GRATIANO.

Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.

BASSANIO.

No, that were pity:

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.

GRATIANO.

And I must to Lorenzo and the rest!

(BASSANIO *and* GRATIANO *clasp hands; then* EXEUNT, BASSANIO *to* L. F. E., GRATIANO *to* R. U. E. *After they are clear off,* ENTER, *from* SHYLOCK'S HOUSE, L., LAUNCELOT, *with* OLD GOBBO, *whom he leads across Stage, setting him on his way, and who makes* EXIT R. F. E.

As the GOBBOS *come out of* SHYLOCK'S HOUSE JESSICA *appears at window, in* HOUSE, *L., where she stands, watching, until* OLD GOBBO *is off; then speaks to* LAUNCELOT, *as he returns toward* HOUSE.)

JESSICA.

I'm sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter:

(*Taking a sealed letter from her bosom, and dropping it to* LAUNCELOT.)

do it secretly;—
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

LAUNCELOT.

Adieu; tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! adieu: these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu.

(EXIT LAUNCELOT *to* R. F. E.)

JESSICA.

Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,—
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

(EXIT JESSICA *back into the* HOUSE, L. *The Scene begins to darken, and the* LIGHTS, *in Windows of Houses, increase.*
ENTER *from up* R. LORENZO, GRATIANO, SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.)

LORENZO.

Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

GRATIANO.

We have not made good preparation.

SALARINO.

We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

SOLANIO.

'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.

LORENZO.

(*Impatiently.*)

We have two hours
To furnish us!

(*Re-enter* LAUNCELOT *from* R. F. E.)

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

LAUNCELOT.

(*First looks swiftly up at windows of* SHYLOCK'S HOUSE, L., *then behind him; sidles to* LORENZO L. C., *and gives him* JESSICA'S *letter, which he draws furtively from pouch at his side, as he speaks.*)

An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

LORENZO.

(*Taking letter.*)

I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand:
And whiter than the paper that it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

(LORENZO *kisses, then opens, letter.*)

GRATIANO.

(*Aside to the others, as he observes* LORENZO *kiss letter.*)

Love-news, in faith.

LAUNCELOT.

By your leave, sir.

(*About to cross him, toward* L.)

LORENZO.

(*Looks up from letter, which he has been reading, and stops* LAUNCELOT.)

Whither goest thou?

LAUNCELOT.

Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

LORENZO.

Hold here, take this:

(*Gives* LAUNCELOT *money.*)

tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her;—speak it privately;
Go.—

(LAUNCELOT *crosses to* HOUSE L., *and* EXIT *through door.*)

Gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

SALARINO.

Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

SOLANIO.

And so will I.

LORENZO.

Meet me and Gratiano.
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

SALARINO.

'Tis good we do so.

(EXEUNT SALARINO *and* SOLANIO, *rapidly,* R. U. E.)

GRATIANO.

Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

LORENZO.

I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.—
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
(*Gives letter to* GRATIANO.)
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.
(EXEUNT GRATIANO *and* LORENZO L. U. E.)

(*The scene is now all in shadow.* ENTER, *from door of* SHYLOCK'S HOUSE, L., LAUNCELOT, *followed, at a few steps distance by* SHYLOCK. LAUNCELOT *gets to* R., SHYLOCK *speaks, as he enters.*

SHYLOCK *is fully dressed, as in the* FIRST ACT, *except that he wears a skull cap instead of turban and that he does not wear his outer night-cloak: he is presently to return into* HOUSE *for these.*

The HOUSE *of* SHYLOCK *is now illuminated within. A shaft of orange-yellow light streams from the opened door, out upon the Stage.*)

SHYLOCK.

Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be the[1] judge
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—what, Jessica!—

[1] Keightley.

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

LAUNCELOT.

Why, Jessica!

SHYLOCK.

Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LAUNCELOT.

Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

(ENTER *from* HOUSE, *door* L., JESSICA.)

JESSICA.

Call you? what is your will?

SHYLOCK.

(L. C.)

I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—

(*Giving her ring of keys from his girdle, but retaining his grasp upon them, while they are in her hand, until* "to my house," *when he releases them.* JESSICA *denotes covert eagerness in taking the keys.*)

But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house.—I am right loth to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

LAUNCELOT.

I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your re-proach.

SHYLOCK.

(*Grimly.*)

So do I his!

LAUNCELOT.

And they have conspired together,—I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then—

SHYLOCK.

(*With bitter contempt.*)

What, are there masques?—Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears,—I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

(EXIT SHYLOCK, *back into his* HOUSE, L.)

LAUNCELOT.

(*Bowing to* SHYLOCK, *and speaking this as he leaves scene.*)
I will go before, sir.—

(SHYLOCK *off:* LAUNCELOT *comes down, glances in at door* L., *back to* R. C., *and speaks rapidly to* JESSICA.)

Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a Jewess' eye!

(*As* LAUNCELOT *speaks this,* RE-ENTER, from *his* HOUSE, L., SHYLOCK. *He hears* LAUNCELOT *speak to* JESSICA, *but does not catch his words: at sight of* SHYLOCK, LAUNCELOT *darts up-Stage and so makes* EXIT, R. U. E. SHYLOCK *crosses swiftly to* JESSICA, *at* L. C., *takes her by a wrist, forces her to gaze into his eyes, which she does with an expression of gentle submissiveness.*)

SHYLOCK.

(*Pointing off after* LAUNCELOT, *with cane, as he speaks.*)
What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

JESSICA.

His words were, "Farewell, Mistress"; nothing else.
(*Pause.*)

SHYLOCK.

(*Believing her and relieved; going down* L., *gets his cloak.*)
The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:

(*Faint and far off, the sound of merry music is heard.*)

Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:

"Fast bind, fast find,"—
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

(SHYLOCK *stands gazing:* JESSICA, *with meekness, inclines her head, then goes in at door to* HOUSE L., *closes door after her. After an instant's pause, sound of a chain bolt.* SHYLOCK *satisfied, nods head; turns, goes slowly up-Stage,* EXIT, R. U. E., *to* R. *Slight pause; then* JESSICA *peers out at window, cautiously gazing after* SHYLOCK.)

JESSICA.

Farewell! and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost!

(EXIT JESSICA *at Window. Music swells. Masquers throng across the Stage, coming down Streets from Back,* L. *and* R. *Then* ENTER GRATIANO *and* SALARINO L. U. E.)

GRATIANO.

(*Getting to R., beneath the "pent-house" there.*)
This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

SALARINO.

His hour is almost past.

GRATIANO.

And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

SALARINO.

Here comes Lorenzo!

(Enter Lorenzo, *masqued, coming rapidly from* R. U. E.)

Lorenzo.

Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Come, approach;
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who's within?

(*Clapping his hands, as he calls.* Jessica *appears above at Window, dressed as a page and wrapped with a cloak.*)

Jessica.

Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lorenzo.

Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jessica.

Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,—
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lorenzo.

Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jessica.

Here, catch this casket;

(*Throws down to* Lorenzo *a heavy casket, leaning down as far as she can from Window, while he stretches up:* Lorenzo *all but drops it; recovers, and passes it to* Salarino.)

it is worth the pains,
I'm glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformèd to a boy.

LORENZO.

Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

JESSICA.

What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too-too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

LORENZO.

So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

JESSICA.

I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
(EXIT JESSICA *above.*)

GRATIANO.

Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew!

LORENZO.

Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;

And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

(ENTER, *below, from* HOUSE, *door* L., JESSICA, *in page's suit, with a short cloak.*)

What, art thou come?—

(JESSICA *stands, hesitating, in doorway; she is embarrassed by the gaze of* GRATIANO *and* SALARINO. LORENZO *goes to her, as he speaks. He takes from* JESSICA *a large "double-bag" of ducats, which she is carrying.* LORENZO *throws this over his shoulder.* SALARINO *still holds the Casket; he and* GRATIANO *exchange glances, nudging each other—as though thinking that* LORENZO *has forgotten it.* LORENZO *and* JESSICA *move slightly from* HOUSE *door, as though about to go up toward Street at Back; but stop;* LORENZO *turns, gestures peremptorily to* SALARINO *to give the Casket to him.* SALARINO *makes a grimace and hands Casket to* LORENZO,—*who, taking it, places it under an arm and, as he and* JESSICA *move toward Street at Back, speaks.*)

LORENZO.
(*Continued.*)

On, gentlemen, away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

(*As* LORENZO *and* JESSICA *move toward Back, a* GROUP OF MASQUERS *comes rushing down Street, romping and singing.*

JESSICA *shrinks from them, pressing against* LORENZO,—*who, protectingly, throws his cloak about her: they turn toward* L., *meeting more* MASQUERS: *then turn down-Stage and, running,* EXEUNT R. F. E.

EXEUNT GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, R. F. E.

MASQUERS *throng upon the Stage,—then* EXEUNT, *to* R.

Slight Pause.

ENTER SHYLOCK, *coming from Back,* R., *and down Street. He comes slowly forward to Door, down* L.; *pauses there; raises his hand to grasp knocker as* LIGHTS *fade out and Dark Change.*)

Second Scene, *Venice; A Room in the* HOUSE *of* SHYLOCK.

An austerely simple room. Across it, from L. *to* R. *at Back, a Platform elevated considerably above Stage—i.e., the floor of an Upper Room.*

A stairway L. *gives access to Upper Room. A lighted lamp hangs over stairway. A desk-like table* R., *against wall. Papers, quill-pens and ink-stand upon this table. A huge, iron-bound money chest at* L., *open: several other chests in upper room, open and rich materials protruding from them in disorder. On table* R. *a letter and yellow veil, left by* JESSICA. SHYLOCK *is heard knocking upon door* R. SHYLOCK *calls:* "Why, Jessica, I say!" *Knock repeated: door swings open:* SHYLOCK *is revealed standing in doorway,—amazed at finding his dwelling unguarded and open. He* ENTERS, *stands gazing about room and listening; then calls again:* "Jessica!" *The sounds of revelry, heard faintly, increase.* SHYLOCK *turns, goes out at door calling imperatively:* "Jessica!" SHYLOCK *comes back into room; as he does so, he strikes keys dropped in doorway by* JESSICA, *with one of his feet: he snatches up keys; calls again:* "Jessica, Jessica!" SHYLOCK *sees a jeweled ring upon floor; rushes across stage and snatches it up, crying* "Jessica, my girl, Jessica!" *He*

sees the open chest and utters a piercing cry as he realizes that he has been robbed. Turning, he sees, snatches up and reads, the letter, left with veil, by JESSICA. *The* MASQUERS *are thronging past, outside his house.* SHYLOCK, *as he reads, then rushing to door and out:*

SHYLOCK.

Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealèd bag, two sealèd bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels,—two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!
Justice! the law! the Duke shall do me justice!
My daughter! my ducats, and my daughter!

(EXIT SHYLOCK *and Dark Change to*)

Third Scene, *Venice; The* House *of* Shylock *again. Time, Midday.*

Salarino.

Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

Solanio.

The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the Duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salarino.

He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.

Solanio.

I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange-outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!"—
Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salarino.

Marry, well remembered!—
But, what news on the Rialto?

SOLANIO.

Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried.

SALARINO.

I would it might prove the end of his losses.

SOLANIO.

(*Looking off to* R. U. E.)

Let me say "Amen" betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer,—for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

(*Then,* ENTER SHYLOCK, R. U. E. *He is without hat, his clothes disordered, his hair disheveled; his face ghastly pale, his eyes blazing, his manner unrestrained and wild. He comes on with a half-running rush. As he enters* SALARINO *and* SOLANIO *give way before him and get to* R. *down Stage.* SHYLOCK *to* L. C., *above them.*)

SOLANIO.

(*Continued.*)

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

SHYLOCK.

You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALARINO.

That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SOLANIO.

And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHYLOCK.

(*Slightly to* L.)

She is damned for it.

SALARINO.

That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHYLOCK.

(*Raising his arms, gesture of impotent rage.*)

My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SALARINO.

(*Anxiously, but assuming carelessness.*)

But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHYLOCK.

There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

SALARINO.

Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

SHYLOCK.

To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hin-

dered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

SOLANIO.

Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

(EXEUNT SALARINO *and* SOLANIO, R. U. E. *as* ENTER *from back* L. U. E. TUBAL.)

SHYLOCK.

How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

TUBAL.

I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHYLOCK.

Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never

fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now;—two thousand ducats gone in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: why, then, loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

(SHYLOCK *clutches his body garment, tearing it open at the throat and breast, with left hand, and beats his breast with right, clenched.*)

TUBAL.

Yes, other men have ill luck, too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

SHYLOCK.

(*Interrupting, a look of incredulous joy on his face.*) What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUBAL.

Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHYLOCK.

I thank God, I thank God—(*Then almost in terror, lest the news be contradicted.*) Is it true, is it true?

TUBAL.

I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

SHYLOCK.

(*Grasping* TUBAL *by an arm.*)

I thank thee, good Tubal:—good news, good news! ha, ha!—where? in Genoa?

TUBAL.

Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

SHYLOCK.

(*With a long, in-drawn sighing moan, as though physically hurt.*)

Thou stickest a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! (*As though overwhelmed at the enormity of the criminal extravagance.*) Fourscore ducats!

TUBAL.

There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

SHYLOCK.

I am very glad of it:—I'll plague him; I'll torture him:—I am glad of it.

TUBAL.

One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHYLOCK.

Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise? I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

TUBAL.

But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHYLOCK.

Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

(EXEUNT,—TUBAL *to* L. U. E.; SHYLOCK *into* HOUSE, L.)

END OF SECOND ACT.

THIRD ACT.

First Scene, *Belmont; the Casket Chamber in the* House *of* Portia. *Time, Forenoon.*

At Tormentors, Right *and* Left, *Draperies. A Three Arch Set Piece extends from* L. *Tormentor diagonally to a point* L. C. *on line of Second Entrance. Another Three Arch Set Piece extends from* R. *Tormentor to a point* R. C. *on line of Second Entrance. On this line, extending from* R. C. *to* L. C., *a third Three Arch Set Piece—the center arch thereof being larger than any of the other arches.*

Upon a low platform, R., *the three caskets, covered.*

Outside of Arches a marble terrace,—with, R. *and* L., *balustrades.*

At Back a wide Stairway, descending into a Garden. The tops of Cypress Trees, growing beside this Stairway, are visible.

The whole set is backed with a cyclorama giving view of the Italian Countryside.

L. C. *stands a large chair. Near it, a footstool.*

Enter, L. F. E., Portia, Nerissa, Balthazar *and* Jester, *with* Attendants.

Music,—a Flourish of Moorish Trumpets.

Portia *goes to throne-chair,* L. C., Nerissa *takes place* L. *of her:* Jester *at her feet, to* L. Balthazar R. *of her.*

ENTER, *coming up Stairway as from Garden, and through center Arch,* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *attended by Moorish* SOLDIERS *and by* SLAVES, *who bear precious gifts. Music ceases.*

MOROCCO.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for our love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspéct of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

PORTIA.

In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his will, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by what means I told you,
Yourself, renownèd prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

MOROCCO.

Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,

To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady!

PORTIA.

You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.

MOROCCO.

Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

PORTIA.

Discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
(BALTHAZAR *removes the covering from the Caskets, then withdraws, at back* R. PORTIA *seats herself* L. C. MOROCCO *goes to the Caskets.*)
Now make your choice.

MOROCCO.

The first, of gold, which this inscription bears,—
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire";
The second, silver, which this promise carries,—
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves";
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,—

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.—"
(*Turning toward* PORTIA.)
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

PORTIA.

The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOROCCO.

Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
I will survey th' inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
(PORTIA *anxious as he pauses over lead Casket.*)
Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to show of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves!—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough:
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
One of these three contains her heavenly picture:
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought:

Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold!
Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

PORTIA.

There, take it, prince;
(*Gives him the key from her girdle.*)
and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours.
(MOROCCO *takes key from her and unlocks the Golden Casket, disclosing a human Skull, with a scroll in one of its eye sockets.*)

MOROCCO.

O hell! what have we here?
(*Taking out the skull.*)
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.
(MOROCCO *takes out the scroll, returns the Skull to the Golden Casket, and reads.*)

"All that glisters is not gold,—
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life has sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold."

Cold indeed; and labor lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and welcome, frost!—
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart

To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

(*Flourish; Moorish March.* EXEUNT, MOROCCO *and his Train, Arch* C. *and down Stairway.*)

PORTIA.

A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains, go.—
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

(*A Tucket is heard, sounding off* R., *at Back, as* PORTIA *ends,* "choose me so."

ENTER, *from* L., *by* TERRACE *at Back, coming through Arch,* STEPHANO, *who holds in leash two Italian Greyhounds. He is accompanied by Four* HUNTSMEN, *one of whom bears a hooded Falcon upon his wrist.*

As the Tucket sounds, two of PORTIA'S *attendant* WOMEN *have gone off hurriedly to* L. *They return immediately, bringing rich Mantles, which they place about her and* NERISSA.

STEPHANO *and the* HUNTSMEN, *with Dogs, form in Group.* PORTIA *is moving, about to address them, when* ENTER, *with dignified haste, coming up Stairway at Back* C., BALTHAZAR, *who is followed at a few steps distance by Two* PAGES, *most prettily dressed and bearing rich Gifts and laden with Flowers.*)

BALTHAZAR.

Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord;

From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

(PORTIA *has listened with intense eagerness; motionless the while, save for a slight gesture with which she has beckoned* NERISSA *closer to her, at same time letting fall her Mantle. On cue, "of his lord" she whispers low, scarce audible, the word "Bassanio!"*

As BALTHAZAR *ceases speaking,* PORTIA *goes up a little, taking the Flowers offered by the* PAGES, *which completely fill her arms; then, speaking as she does so, turns to face down-Stage.*)

PORTIA.

Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly!

(PORTIA *is turning away toward Back,* C., *about to go;* NERISSA *is moving to follow her, as she speaks;* BALTHAZAR, *bowing, makes way for them; the attendant* WOMEN *are about to follow.*)

NERISSA.

Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be!

(PORTIA, *burying her face in the Flowers, just breathes the name "Bassanio!" All are in motion and*

TABLEAUX CURTAINS CLOSE.

Second Scene, *Belmont; the Casket Chamber again. Time, Night.*

GRATIANO *is heard singing, off* R. ENTER NERISSA L. F. E., *goes up to* C., *looks off, sees* GRATIANO *approaching, runs down* L. *and hides beside throne-chair.* ENTER *from* R., *at back to* C., GRATIANO, *singing and accompanying himself upon a lute. He perceives* NERISSA *but affects not to and is turning away,* C. NERISSA *utters a little laughing cry and runs to him; he turns, takes her in his arms; they kiss, as the* JESTER *appears, stealing up the Stairway, watching them.* NERISSA *and* GRATIANO *come into room; the* JESTER *is following them, when he perceives* PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *off to* R. U. E. *He indicates them, grimacing; then capers into room, and* EXIT, *down* L. F. E. ENTER, C., *at back from* R. U. E., PORTIA *and* BASSANIO. ATTENDANTS *come on at* L. F. E.

PORTIA.

I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore, forbear awhile.
There's something tells me—but it is not love—
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two

Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, th' other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours!
I speak too long; but 'tis to piece the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASSANIO.

Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

PORTIA.

Ay, but I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforcèd do speak any thing.

BASSANIO.

Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

PORTIA.

Well then, confess, and live.

BASSANIO.

Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

PORTIA.

Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.—

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;

(GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *retire up-Stage* L. C. ATTENDANTS *all withdraw.* PORTIA *seats herself upon throne-chair.* NERISSA *goes to her.* GRATIANO *stands* R. BASSANIO *advances to the Caskets, examines them, scanning the inscriptions on each. Very soft Music sounds. As Music dies away he speaks, beginning on "fancy's knell."*)

PORTIA.

(*Continued.*)

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crownèd monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.—Now he goes;
Live thou, I live:—with much-much more dismay,
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

(SONG, PPP., *while* BASSANIO *comments on the Caskets.*)

SONG.

"Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.

"It is engender'd in the eyes,
While gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
(BASSANIO *begins to speak on "knell"*)
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell."

BASSANIO.

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;"
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"
(BASSANIO *touches the golden Casket, then lays his hand upon the silver one.*)
So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damnèd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou stale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,

Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I:—joy be the consequence!

(BASSANIO *goes to* PORTIA, *who gives him key, then returns to, unlocks and opens the lead Casket, while* PORTIA *speaks.*)

PORTIA.

(*Aside.*)

How all the other passions fleet to air!—
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

BASSANIO.

(*Opening lead Casket and taking out small oval-framed picture of* PORTIA.)

What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

(*Reads.*)

"You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

(*Music ceases.*)

A gentle scroll.—

(BASSANIO *coming to* PORTIA.)

Fair lady, by your leave;

(BASSANIO *takes* PORTIA *in his arms.*)

I come by note, to give and to receive,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

(BASSANIO *kisses* PORTIA. GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *likewise embrace and kiss.*)

PORTIA.

(*After the kiss, drawing slightly back from him.*)

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
That, only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; then happier in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;

(*Taking from one of her fingers a* RING, *which she places upon the ring finger of* BASSANIO'S *left hand.* NERISSA *at*

same time and in same manner gives a RING *to* GRATIANO.)

Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASSANIO.

Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
(*Hand to his heart.*)
O, then be bold to say "Bassanio's dead!"

(NERISSA *and* GRATIANO *come forward,* C.)

NERISSA.

My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy:—good joy, my lord and lady!

GRATIANO.

My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And, when your honors mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

BASSANIO.

With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

GRATIANO.

I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;

You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine, as the matter falls;
For wooing here, until I swet again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

PORTIA.

Is this true, Nerissa?

NERISSA.

Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

BASSANIO.

And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRATIANO.

Yes, faith, my lord.

BASSANIO.

Our feast shall be much honor'd in your marriage.

GRATIANO.

(*Looking off Stage.*)

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Solanio?

(ENTER *Arch* C., *coming up Stairway,* LORENZO, JESSICA *and* SOLANIO.)

BASSANIO.

Lorenzo and Solanio, welcome hither;

THE ILLINI THEATRE GUILD
at the UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
LINCOLN HALL THEATRE
URBANA, ILLINOIS

If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

PORTIA.

So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

LORENZO.

I thank your honor.—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

SOLANIO.

I did, my lord;
And I have reason for 't. Signor Antonio
Commends him to you.

(SOLANIO *gives to* BASSANIO *a letter, as he speaks.*)

BASSANIO.

Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

SOLANIO.

(*Speaking with stress and significance.*)
Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

(BASSANIO *opens and reads the letter given him.*)

GRATIANO.

Nerissa, cheer yond stranger; bid her welcome.—
(NERISSA *goes to* JESSICA.)
Your hand, Solanio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

SOLANIO.

I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
(SOLANIO *and* GRATIANO *talk, apart.*)

PORTIA.

(*Aside, watching* BASSANIO.)
There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper,
That steal the color from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
(PORTIA *to* BASSANIO, *and laying hold of the opened letter in his hand.*)
And I must have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

BASSANIO.

O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself as nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,—
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—
(*Turning to* Solanio.)
But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England?
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Solanio.

Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man;
He plies the Duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea,
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jessica.

(*Coming forward, holding* Lorenzo *by the hand.*)
When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh

Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

PORTIA.

(*To* BASSANIO.)

Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

BASSANIO.

The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

PORTIA.

What sum owes he the Jew?

BASSANIO.

For me three thousand ducats.

PORTIA.

What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear-bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

BASSANIO.

(*Reading Letter.*)

"Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live—"

(BASSANIO, *overcome by emotion, cannot continue reading.* PORTIA *gently takes Letter from him and, as he bows his head, holding one of his hands in one of hers, continues and finishes reading it.*)

PORTIA.

". . . it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

BASSANIO.

Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

(EXEUNT OMNES—BASSANIO *and* PORTIA *leading,* NERISSA *and* GRATIANO *next; then* LORENZO *and* JESSICA, *followed by* SOLANIO, *to* R. U. E., *as*

TABLEAUX CURTAINS CLOSE, FOR AN INTERVAL OF ONE MINUTE.

(*The Double Wedding,—of* BASSANIO *and* PORTIA, GRATIANO *and* NERISSA,—*is here supposed.*)

Third Scene, *the Casket Chamber again. Time, Late Afternoon of the Next Day.*

(Enter *from* R., *coming through Center Arch,* Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica *and* Balthazar. Portia *has a sealed Letter in her hand.*)

Lorenzo.

(*To* Portia, *as they come on.*)

Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honor,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Portia.

I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now:—
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:

There is a monastery two miles off;
And there we will abide.

LORENZO.

Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

PORTIA.

My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

LORENZO.

Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

JESSICA.

I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

PORTIA.

I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

(EXEUNT LORENZO *and* JESSICA, *Arch Center, to* L. PORTIA *continues when they are off, turning to* BALTHAZAR.)

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter.

(PORTIA *gives Letter to* BALTHAZAR.)

And use thou all th' endeavor of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry

Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

BALTHAZAR.

Madam, I go with all-convenient speed.

(EXIT BALTHAZAR *briskly, through Center Arch, to* R.)

PORTIA.

Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

NERISSA.

Shall they see us?

PORTIA.

They shall, Nerissa (*Archly*); but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplishèd
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutered like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine-bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honorable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died,—
I could not do withal;—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear I've discontinu'd school
Above a twelvemonth:—I've within my mind

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

(*Sudden transition from mocking merriment to serious and intent purpose, as she grasps* NERISSA'S *hand, to hurry her away.*)

But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

(EXEUNT *at Back, C. down Stairway, as*

CURTAIN.

END OF THIRD ACT.

FOURTH ACT.

Scene, *Venice; A* Court *of* Justice. *Time, Midday. The Walls,* Right *and* Left, *are formed by heavy blue Draperies. At* L. *is a square column surmounted by an image, in bronze, of The Lion of St. Mark. Before this is a raised Platform—with steps leading up to it—upon which are a throne-chair, for the* Duke of Venice, *and four other seats (two on each side of it) for* "the magnificoes of greatest port." *Across, at back, extends a row of throne-like seats for the* Members *of the* Council. *Above these, upon the wall, a reproduction of the fresco painted by Guarentio. In this back-wall,* R. *and* L., *are large doors. At* R. (*about line of* 2nd E.) *a high, square column surmounted by an image, in bronze, of St. Theodore. In lower* L. *corner of Stage, a seat and small desk for* Clerk *of the* Court. *Up-Stage* L., *near to Platform, a square table, upon which are several large folio volumes; papers, ink-stand, quill-pens and sand-box. Upon floor,* R. C., *a pile of money-bags.*

Discovered, in their several places, the Duke of Venice, *the* Magnificoes, Members *of the* Council, *the* Clerk *of the* Court. Soldiers *in armor, with great two-handed swords, guard the entrances and the ducal throne. In a group* R., *by the*

pillar of St. Theodore, stand ANTONIO, *with* GAOLER,—*in whose custody he is;* BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO. *Near to them stands a* MONK. R. *of the pillar stand various* LORDS, GENTLEMEN *and* CITIZENS *of* VENICE. *Up-Stage,* R., *stand* TUBAL *and* CHUS.

Trumpets sound, immediately before the curtain rises,—in salutation to the DUKE, *then taking his place. There is a buzz of many murmuring voices as the scene is disclosed. This ceases at a gesture by the* DUKE.

DUKE.

(*Looking toward* R.)

What, is Antonio here?

ANTONIO.

(R., *taking a step forward.*)

Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE.

(*Looking at* ANTONIO *fixedly; speaks very kindly.*)

I'm sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANTONIO.

I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdúrate
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd

To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE.

Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

(SOLANIO *steps to* R. *so as to be visible through the open door,* R. U. E.)

SOLANIO.

He's ready at the door:

(SOLANIO *raises his arm, as in signal.*)

he comes, my lord.

DUKE.

Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

(*An instant's pause.* ENTER SHYLOCK, R. U. E. *He comes on deliberately and firmly; advances far enough to be visible from all parts of the house; stops, looks round the court room for* ANTONIO; *locates him, fixes a glare upon him for a moment; then his face becomes mask-like: he advances to center of Stage, bows gravely and low to the* DUKE—*toward whom he shows great deference in his manner—then stands, calm and upright.*)

DUKE.

(*Continued.*)

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange-apparent cruelty;

And where thou now exact'st the penalty,—
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,—
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.

(*Slight pause.*)

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHYLOCK.

(C.)

I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;
But say "It is my humor:" is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd! What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless, necessary cat;

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

BASSANIO.

(*Speaking somewhat wildly, in excitement.*)

This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
T' excuse the current of thy cruelty.

(SHYLOCK, *listening; to answer, turns slightly toward* BASSANIO; *there is a flickering gleam of resentment for a moment in his eyes: he has not forgotten that 'twas* BASSANIO *objected, at first, to* ANTONIO *signing the bond which has brought him to the present danger; then* SHYLOCK'S *countenance again becomes stone hard, and he withdraws his glance, looking before him toward* L. C. *He speaks with cold, bitter contempt.*)

SHYLOCK.

I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

BASSANIO.

(*In a pleading manner.*)

Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHYLOCK.

(*Coldly bitter.*)

Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASSANIO.

Every offense is not a hate at first.

SHYLOCK.

(*Turning toward him, dangerous and bitter; speaks abruptly.*)

What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANTONIO.

(*To* BASSANIO—*with feeling, yet restraint.*)

I pray you, think,—you question with the Jew:
You might as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that,—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart:—therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, (*To* DUKE.) use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

BASSANIO.

(To SHYLOCK, *taking up one of the money-bags and by gesture indicating the others.*)

For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHYLOCK.

(*Turning toward* BASSANIO, *advances slowly to him, gazing into his eyes; pointing downward, with a stab-like gesture, at the money-bags, but with-*

out withdrawing his eyes from BASSANIO'S, *speaks: as he utters the words* "not draw them" *he kicks one of the money-bags aside.*)

If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

DUKE.

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

SHYLOCK.

(*Facing about, returns toward* C., *speaks with restraint but great strength, and, at close, with truculence.*)

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
"Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?"
"Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands?" You will answer,
"The slaves are ours":—so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer,—shall I have it?

DUKE.

(*After regarding* SHYLOCK *for a moment with a steady cold gaze of aversion.*

(Enter R. U. E., *very quietly and not attracting attention, a* Ducal Messenger; *he whispers to* Solanio.)

Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learnèd doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Solanio.

(*To the* Duke, *indicating the* Ducal Messenger.)

My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke.

(*With strong interest.*)

Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

(Exit Solanio *and* Ducal Messenger, R. U. E. Shylock *gazes intently up at* Duke, *then toward door,* R. U. E.)

Bassanio.

Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Antonio.

(*With sad and gentle smile.*)

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

(*Clasping* Bassanio *by the hand.*—Enter R. U. E. Solanio, *the* Ducal Messen-

GER, *escorting* NERISSA, *who is dressed as a lawyer's clerk. They pause at their former stations. She advances to* L. C., *there stands, and bows to the* DUKE. SHYLOCK *attentively watching: he listens with attention till* NERISSA *presents letter: then, going down upon one knee, he deliberately and carefully sharpens the edge of his knife upon sole of one of his shoes.*)

DUKE.

Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NERISSA.

From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

(NERISSA *advances, ascends the steps and, kneeling, presents to the* DUKE *a Letter, which is folded lengthwise, tied with narrow silk cord and sealed with wax. The* DUKE *takes it, breaks it open and reads.* NERISSA *retires, backward, to her former station and there waits.*)

BASSANIO.

(*To* SHYLOCK, *whom he has been watching with horror.*)
Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHYLOCK.

(*Pauses, looks up at* BASSANIO, *looks past him with baleful gaze, at* ANTONIO, *points at him with knife as he answers; then resumes whetting of the knife.*)
To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

(BASSANIO, *in distress, turns away.* GRA-

TIANO *comes forward and speaks angrily, standing* R. C., *over* SHYLOCK.)

GRATIANO.

Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHYLOCK.

(*Contemptuously—without looking up.*)
No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRATIANO.

(*Furious, and with violence.*)
O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

SHYLOCK.

(*Rising, tries edge and point of knife with thumb; sheathes it; draws Bond from his bosom, and taps upon seal, as he speaks. "Rail" is uttered with a cruel and contemptuous intonation.*)
Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
(*His tone is low, strong and ominous.*)
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—

(SHYLOCK *looks past* GRATIANO *on these words, at* ANTONIO.)

I stand here for law.

DUKE.

(*Looking up from letter, which he has been reading.*)
This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learnèd doctor to our court.—
(*To* NERISSA.)
Where is he?

NERISSA.

He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE.

With all my heart.—Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
(EXEUNT SOLANIO, SALARINO *and* GENTLEMEN R. U. E.)
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
(DUKE *makes signal to* CLERK, *who advances, takes letter, returns to his place, there stands while he reads it, and being finished, sits.* SHYLOCK *listens with vigilant attention to the reading of the letter and notes* PORTIA, *when she comes on, with watchful suspicion.*)

CLERK.

(*Reading.*)

"Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young

doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

DUKE.

You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:

(*Looking off, through door* R. U. E.)

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

(ENTER PORTIA, R. U. E., *dressed as a Doctor-of-Laws. She is attended by* SOLANIO, SALARINO, *and* GENTLEMEN, *and she carries a large folio Volume from which protrude two markers. This volume she hands to* NERISSA, *as she passes, who takes it up, and, at* CLERK'S *gestured invitation, lays it on large table* L. C., *and then seats herself before table.* SHYLOCK *slightly changes his position, so as to see better this new legal advocate.*)

DUKE.

(*Continued.*)

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

(PORTIA *crosses, ascends steps to* DUKE'S *throne, kisses the hand which he extends to her.*)

PORTIA.

I did, my lord.

DUKE.

You're welcome: take your place.
(PORTIA *retires backward down steps and takes station* R. *of table up* L.)
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

PORTIA.

I am informèd throughly of the cause.—
(*Slight pause.*)
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE.

Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
(SHYLOCK *moves forward, down-Stage;* ANTONIO *also, a little down below him.*)

PORTIA.

(*Gazing at him with fixed attention.*)
Is your name Shylock?

SHYLOCK.

(*Gazing steadily before him.*)
Shylock is my name.

PORTIA.

Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—
(*A gleam of fierce joy lights* SHYLOCK'S *eyes: he makes no other sign, no movement.* PORTIA *now addresses* ANTONIO.)

You stand within his danger, do you not?

ANTONIO.

Ay, so he says.

PORTIA.

(*Quickly, as though the answer might raise another point,—a question of fact.* SHYLOCK'S *hand steals to his breast, where he has placed his Bond, as he looks toward* ANTONIO *and waits to hear what reply he will make to* PORTIA.)
Do you confess the bond?

ANTONIO.

I do.

PORTIA.

(*After an instant, and as though nonplused.*)
Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK.

(*Turning slowly toward her, as he speaks.*)
On what compulsion must I? tell me that?

PORTIA.

(*Impulsively, yet speaking very simply.*)
The quality of mercy is not strain'd,—
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway,—
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. (*Pause.*) I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHYLOCK.

My deeds upon my head! I crave the law!
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

PORTIA.

Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASSANIO.

Yes, here I tender 't for him in the court;
Yea, thrice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
(*With great feeling.*)
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. (*To* DUKE, *wildly.*) And
I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
(SHYLOCK, *restraining display of emotion, listens anxiously for the reply to this*

appeal—and, when it comes, he is deeply exultant.)

PORTIA.

(*With strong gesture of negation.*)
It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishèd:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

SHYLOCK.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
(*Turns toward* PORTIA.)
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!

PORTIA.

(*To* SHYLOCK.)
I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHYLOCK.

(*Eagerly, and complying.*)
Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
(SHYLOCK, *as he speaks, takes Bond from inside his dress, and hands it to* PORTIA: *she takes it, but keeps her eyes fixed on his.*)

PORTIA.

Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

SHYLOCK.

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

PORTIA.

(*Opening and glancing at Bond.*)
Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—
(*To* SHYLOCK, *urgently.*)
Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
(PORTIA *makes gesture as though to tear the Bond;* SHYLOCK *lays hand on hers, stopping her.*)

SHYLOCK.

When it is paid according to the tenor.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

ANTONIO.

Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
(DUKE *signs to* PORTIA.)

PORTIA.

Why then, thus it is:—
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

SHYLOCK.

O noble judge! O excellent young man!

PORTIA.

(*Taking the folio Volume which, at a sign* NERISSA *hands to her. Opening it before her.*)

For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

(*Tapping the Bond, which she has retained.*)

SHYLOCK.

'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

PORTIA.

Therefore lay bare your bosom.

(BASSANIO *moves as though to interpose his body between* ANTONIO *and* SHYLOCK.)

SHYLOCK.

Ay, his breast:
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
"Nearest his heart": those are the very words.

(SHYLOCK *goes to* PORTIA *and, with point of his knife, indicates the words in the Bond, which* PORTIA *still holds.*)

PORTIA.

It is so. Are there balance' here to weigh
The flesh?

SHYLOCK.

(*Touching scales, in his girdle.*)

I have them ready.

PORTIA.

Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHYLOCK.

Is it so nominated in the bond?

(SHYLOCK *examines the Bond, which* PORTIA *still holds, following the lines of it with the point of his knife.*)

PORTIA.

It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

SHYLOCK.

I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

PORTIA.

Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

ANTONIO.

But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a lover.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do but cut deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

BASSANIO.

(*Profoundly agitated.*)

Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you!

GRATIANO.

I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

SHYLOCK.

(*Who has listened with a bitter sneer.*)

These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter,—
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!—

(*Fiercely, to* PORTIA.)

We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

PORTIA.

(*Solemnly.*)

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHYLOCK.

Most rightful judge!

PORTIA.

And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHYLOCK.

Most learnèd judge! A sentence!

(*Whirling to face* ANTONIO, *who, down* R., *kneels, tears open his shirt at the breast.* BASSANIO, *about to throw himself before* ANTONIO, *is restrained by* GRATIANO. *The* PRIEST *advances.* SPECTATORS *move, rising, some turn away. The* DUKE *half rises in his seat: so, also, do several of the* COUNCIL *and the* MAGNIFICOES.)

come, prepare!

(SHYLOCK *is rushing upon* ANTONIO. PORTIA *speaks very quickly.*)

PORTIA.

Tarry a little! there is something else.

(SHYLOCK *is arrested in movement—his knife half raised.*)

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,—
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh":
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting of it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

(SHYLOCK, *on the words "Take then thy bond," makes a slight, convulsive movement,—as though about to complete his rush upon* ANTONIO. PORTIA *rapidly enunciates the words "take*

thou thy pound of flesh," and SHYLOCK *is again halted by them. At "confiscate unto the state of Venice," he reels a little.*

An instant's pause.)

GRATIANO.

O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learnèd judge!

SHYLOCK.

(*Writhing as though in agony and not taking his eyes from* ANTONIO, *who rises,* BASSANIO *embracing him.*)

Is that the law?

PORTIA.

Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice,[1] more than thou desir'st.

GRATIANO.

O learnèd judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learnèd judge!

SHYLOCK.

(*Still keeping his eyes fixed on* ANTONIO, *convulsively clutching and loosening his hand upon knife handle.*)

I take his offer then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go!

(*This is spoken with a struggle: he can scarce bring out the word "go"—as he utters it, he casts the knife from him.*)

[1] Students of this play should note that *Shylock* does not once use the word "justice." That is *Portia's* word. *Shylock* takes his stand upon *law* and demands *judgment,* according to law. —D. B.

BASSANIO.

Here is the money.

(SHYLOCK *is about to take up several of the money bags from floor. And he moves, as though to do so, a second time, on "all justice.")*

PORTIA.

Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft! no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

GRATIANO.

O Jew! an upright judge, a learnèd judge!

PORTIA.

Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just "a pound" of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound,—be 't but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance
Or the division of a twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRATIANO.

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

PORTIA.

Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

SHYLOCK.

Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASSANIO.

I have it ready for thee; here it is.

(SHYLOCK *takes up a single money-bag from the pile upon the floor.*)

PORTIA.

He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

GRATIANO.

A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHYLOCK.

(*Appalled and in fear for himself.*)
Shall I not have barely my principal?

PORTIA.

Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHYLOCK.

Why, then the devil give him good of it!

(SHYLOCK *casts the money-bag at* ANTONIO'S *feet; turns toward* PORTIA, *takes from her the Bond, tears and crumples it, and throws it toward* ANTONIO.)

I'll stay no longer question.

(SHYLOCK *moves towards door* R. U. E. *As* PORTIA *speaks,* GRATIANO, SALARINO, *and others bar his way.*)

PORTIA.

Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.
(*Reading from folio Volume.*)
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formally by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

GRATIANO.

Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
(SHYLOCK *slowly crosses to* L.—*suddenly collapses and falls upon floor before the* DUKE.)

DUKE.

That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

PORTIA.

Ay, for the state,—not for Antonio.

SHYLOCK.

Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

PORTIA.

What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRATIANO.

A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

ANTONIO.

So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—that, for this favor,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

(*Murmur of satisfaction among* CROWD.)

DUKE.

He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.

PORTIA.

Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

SHYLOCK.

I am content.

PORTIA.

Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
(SHYLOCK *rises.*)

SHYLOCK.

I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

DUKE.

Get thee gone, but do it.
(*As* SHYLOCK *begins to move toward door* R. F. E., GRATIANO *grasps him by the gown, detaining him.*)

GRATIANO.

In christening shalt thou have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
(SHYLOCK *plucks away his gown from the grasp of* GRATIANO, *with difficulty stands erect, slowly, with unsure steps walks toward* R. F. E.; *he staggers and falls forward, catching hold upon* ANTONIO *to stay himself. Recognizing* ANTONIO, *he rallies his strength and passes on. The* MONK *raises his crucifix before* SHYLOCK, *as he goes out. An instant's pause, then sound of jeering and hooting* R. F. E.

The DUKE *now rises and descends, followed by the* MAGNIFICOES *and the*

COUNCIL, *also the* CLERK. *The* DUKE *stops to speak to* PORTIA. *After his speech he makes exit* R. *at Back.* EXEUNT *the* MAGNIFICOES *and the* COUNCIL L. *at Back. After the dignitaries are off,* EXEUNT *all Others at Back,* R. *and* L., *leaving only the four characters who are implicated in the closing passage of this act.*)

DUKE.

(*To* PORTIA.)

Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

PORTIA.

I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

DUKE.

I'm sorry that your leisure serves you not.—
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

(EXEUNT OMNES, *as above described.*)

BASSANIO.

(*To* PORTIA.)

Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

ANTONIO.

And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

PORTIA.

He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

BASSANIO.

Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,—
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

PORTIA.

You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
(*To* ANTONIO.)
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
(*To* BASSANIO.)
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASSANIO.

This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.

PORTIA.

I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

BASSANIO.

There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

PORTIA.

I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

BASSANIO.

Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

PORTIA.

That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

(*The same business has passed, in dumb show between* NERISSA *and* GRATIANO *as between* BASSANIO *and* PORTIA.)

ANTONIO.

My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.

BASSANIO.

(*Pulling off ring, which he gives to* ANTONIO.)

Give him the ring;
And in the morning early will we three
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio.

(EXEUNT BASSANIO, ANTONIO *and* GRATIANO, R. F. E. PORTIA *and* NERISSA—*between laughter and indignation—come down* R., *to look after them; then turn and* EXEUNT R. U. E. *as*

CURTAIN.

END OF FOURTH ACT.

FIFTH ACT.

Scene, *Belmont; A Garden to the* House *of* Portia. *Time, Toward Midnight.*

Bright Moonlight,—which is, for a short while, obscured by drifting clouds.

The entire Stage is backed by a Cyclorama which represents the night sky, studded with stars.

At Back is a wide Marble Stairway, leading down, backward from the Stage, to a lower level of Garden—of which the Shrubbery, &c., is visible.

At Right *and* Left *of Stairway are curved Marble Seats, elevated above stage-level. These are backed by Box Hedges which extend off-Stage,* R. *and* L.

At R. *and* L. *Tormentors there are Draperies, and on both sides, square Marble Pillars. Between these and the Seats (masked by the Hedges) spaces for Entrances.*

In Center of Stage, near Front, an elevated Marble Sun Dial.

Discovered, *as the Curtains open,* The Jester, *seated* C., *upon base of Sun Dial—his Bauble beside him upon the ground.*

Jester.

(*Singing and accompanying himself upon Lute.*)

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

(*As* JESTER *is finishing second stanza of Song,* LORENZO *and* JESSICA ENTER, *coming through opening down-Stage* R. JESSICA *carries in her arms many red and yellow Roses:* JESTER, *perceiving them, scrambles to his feet and gets silently to* L. *of Sun Dial, where, concealed by it, he crouches, watching them. The lovers advance;* LORENZO *stops* JESSICA, *laying a hand upon one of her arms; she turns to him; they are standing* R. C.; *they embrace, then kiss.* JESTER, *grimacing and laughing, darts forward from his concealment* L. *of Sun Dial; dances around them; then, still laughing, rushes off,* L. F. E., *to* HOUSE.)

LORENZO.

(*After watching* JESTER *off, turns; looks toward Back, then, as he speaks, upward toward Sky.*)

The moon shines bright:—in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,

And they did make no noise,—in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

JESSICA.

In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

(*They are moving toward* R.)

LORENZO.

In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

JESSICA.

And in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

LORENZO.

And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JESSICA.

I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

(*Music ceases.*)

(ENTER, *up Stairs* C., *at Back,* STEPHANO. *As he comes on,* RE-ENTER L. F. E., *as*

from the HOUSE, THE JESTER, *who stands listening.*)

LORENZO.

Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

STEPHANO.

A friend.

LORENZO.

A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend.

STEPHANO.

Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont.

(JESTER, *hearing this, manifests exuberant joy at the imminent arrival of his mistress, dashes up-Stage and* EXIT, *down Stairway at Back* C.

STEPHANO *bows as he utters the words "Here at Belmont" and moves toward* L. U. E., *where he pauses.*)

LORENZO.

(*To* JESSICA.)

Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter:—why should we go in?—
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.

(EXIT STEPHANO *toward* HOUSE L. F. E. LORENZO *and* JESSICA *get down* L. *of Sun Dial, as* STEPHANO *goes off.* LORENZO, *as they move, glances upward; then down again, at the Dial, which is bathed in silvery moonlight.*)

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica.

(LORENZO, *as he speaks, takes off his cloak and spreads it for them to sit upon, against the base of Dial, and they both sit—he passing an arm around her so that she is reclining upon his breast, both gazing forward and up.*)

Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young ey'd cherubins,—
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

(*Clapping hands.*)

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

(*Music sounds, off* L. U. E.)

JESSICA.

(*Nestling close to* LORENZO.)

I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO.

The reason is, your spirits are attentive.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

(*A cloud-like obscuration of the moonlight now occurs. Song—Mixed Voices—heard from off* L. U. E.)

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

(*The Song ceases and instrumental Music sounds on. Then* Enter *at Back* C., *coming up Stairway,* Portia *and* Nerissa, *followed by* Jester. *Arrived at head of Stairway, they pause,—the* Jester *crouched at* Portia's *feet, gazing up at her with dog-like devotion.*)

Portia.

That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

(Lorenzo *and* Jessica, *couched upon base of Sun Dial, are wrapped in reverie, almost as though asleep.* Jester *touches a hand of* Portia *and points out to her the lovers.* Portia, *swiftly and silently, goes down-Stage, snatching up some roses which* Jessica *has dropped when she came on at opening of Scene, and, hiding behind Dial, leans over it, mischievously, and drops rose*

petals upon the dreaming lovers—at the same moment darting away up-Stage, singing these words of the JESTER'S *song:*)

Between the acres of the rye
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie—

(*She breaks off her singing and laughs merrily.* LORENZO *and* JESSICA, *as rousing from dream-like reverie, rise.* *Music off* L. U. E. *becomes softer.*)

LORENZO.

That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

PORTIA.

He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

LORENZO.

Dear lady, welcome home.

PORTIA.

We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

LORENZO.

Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

PORTIA.
(*Quickly.*)

Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take

No note at all of our being absent;—

(Exeunt Nerissa *and* Jester, *who gambols besides her,* L. F. E., *as to* House.)

Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

(Trumpet *sounds off* R. U. E.)

Lorenzo.

Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

(Re-enter Nerissa L. F. E.—*Moonlight becomes very bright again.*)

Portia.

This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

(Enter, *coming up Stairway at Back* C., Bassanio, Gratiano *and* Antonio.)

Portia.

(*To* Bassanio.)

You are welcome home, my lord.

Bassanio.

(*Embracing her.*)

I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Portia.

You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Antonio.

No more than I am well acquitted of.

PORTIA.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

(GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *have been disputing, in dumb show, during the two foregoing speeches.*)

GRATIANO.

By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk!

PORTIA.

A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

GRATIANO.

About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

NERISSA.

What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;—
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! No, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

GRATIANO.

He will, an if he live to be a man.

NERISSA.

Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

GRATIANO.

Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbèd boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

PORTIA.

You were to blame,—I must be plain with you,—
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too únkind cause of grief:
An 'twere me, I should be mad at it.

BASSANIO.

(*Aside, in distressed perplexity.*)

Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

GRATIANO.

(*With a spice of malicious enjoyment.*)

My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:

And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

PORTIA.

(*With an assumption of incredulous amazement.*)
What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

BASSANIO.

If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it,—it is gone.

PORTIA.

Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

NERISSA.

(*To* GRATIANO.)
Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

BASSANIO.

Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

PORTIA.

(*Indignantly.*)
If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honor to contain the ring,

You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

BASSANIO.

No, by mine honor, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to give it to him:
Pardon me, good lady;
For by these blessèd candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

PORTIA.

Let not that doctor e'er come near my house;
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him anything I have!

NERISSA.

(*To* GRATIANO.)

Nor I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

ANTONIO.

I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

PORTIA.

Sir, grieve not you: you're welcome notwithstanding.

BASSANIO.

Portia, forgive me this enforcèd wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

PORTIA.

Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself.

BASSANIO.

I never more will break an oath with thee.

ANTONIO.

I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

PORTIA.

Then you shall be his surety. Give him this;
(*Giving ring from her finger to* ANTONIO.)
And bid him keep it better than the other.

ANTONIO.

(*Giving ring to* BASSANIO.)
Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

BASSANIO.

By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

PORTIA.

I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio.

NERISSA.

And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbèd boy, the doctor's clerk,
Did give me this.
(*Giving ring from her finger to* GRATIANO.)

PORTIA.

You are all amazed:
Here is a letter,
(*Giving one to* BASSANIO.)
read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk.
Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
(*Giving* ANTONIO *a letter, which he takes and opens.*)
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbor suddenly.

BASSANIO.

Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

GRATIANO.

Were you the clerk and yet I knew you not?

ANTONIO.

Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

PORTIA.

How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

NERISSA.

Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
(*Giving to* LORENZO *a legal document.*)
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

PORTIA.

It is almost morning.
And yet I'm sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

(*As she speaks the foregoing,* PORTIA *extends one hand to* BASSANIO, *and the other to* ANTONIO *and draws them toward* L. F. E., GRATIANO *and* NERISSA, LORENZO *and* JESSICA *following. As they* EXEUNT, *the* JESTER ENTERS L. U. E., *and, getting down to Sun Dial, drops upon its base and, half-satirically, half-wistfully, accompanying himself upon Lute, begins to sing.*)

JESTER.

It was a lover and his lass,

AS CURTAINS CLOSE.

THE END.

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